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NEVER MORE MY "CLARA" DEAR.

Composed by F. Buckley.

The Southern Sun was sinking low,
And bathing all in beauty's glow,
The little Vale lay calm and still
And silence reigned upon the hill,
And as I gazed with loving eyes,
I heard these tender strains arise.

CHORUS," Never more my Clara dear,
Never more my Clara dear,
Never more my Clara dear,
Shall my songs at evening greet your ear.

The Sun now sank far from my sight,
And hill and vale lay wrapt in night,
But soon the Moon in loveliness,
Came forth again the scene to bless,
Still as I gazed with loving eyes,
I heard the tender strains arise,
"CHORUS."

T'is thus the darkies fondly rave,
Whose love extends beyond the grave,
And where the lost ones calmly sleep,
The faithful lovers come to weep,
And nightly there, midst streaming eyes,
Such mournful strains as these arise.
"CHORUS."

TRAINING FOR THE RING.

The trainer must proceed, during the first days of his labour, to find out if his man be over thoughtful, wanting of confidence, or despairing of victory; and must remove such obstacles to good training by inspiring contrary notions. If the pugilist neglects any of the rules, sets them at naught, or runs counter to the plans laid down; if he be peevish at the watchfulness of his trainer, and would be out of sight more than a minute at a time, takes ill the severest part of the sparring, grunts in his sleep, breathes hard and with difficulty, or, worse than all, groans in the night—training will have proceeded but uselessly for such a man; his better part is concerned in each of these indications, and if he does not "*train off*" he will at least "*show sallow*," or with skin of various hues, or one part redder than another. He must then lose his battle. The loins, the ribs, the pit of the stomach should exhibit the same hue, viz, greater paleness than that he showed before training, and if with a tint of red, the more vigour will be found in his system.

Of course the trainer would be the last person to irritate his man, either by harsh treatment, or by permitting improprieties tending that way; he will, therefore, reduce imperceptibly the quantity of indulgences which may have been habitual to him. Spirits, porter, gross feeding, stimulants, tobacco, onions, pepper, and the sexual intercourse must vanish, and be no more heard of within and after the first week; let a choleric disposition be smoothed down, suavity be taught, and none but pleasant thoughts, fine walks, and cheerfulness prevail during all this time.

Meanwhile, let the skin be well cleansed of its impurities by washing (in-doors) in soapy water, the entire body; getting rid of the first water by repetitions of that which is clean, since soap (or at least the potass used in making it) contracts the membraneous part of the system. But the long adhering dirt and grease of perspiration can be got rid of by no other means unless by a soapy sort of earth, found at the edge of some rivers. Coarse linen cloths only must be used in rubbing down the body, and used briskly, until a glow of warmth is felt, particularly in winter time, and cool and damp weather. A brisk walk should follow each washing, and a brisk rubbing of the body nearly all over with dry cloths follow each sweating, if produced by the walk. Washing of the body and feet is to be practised every night, though less often might do in winter; but the cold bath (in-doors or sheltered) may be employed daily in summer to advantage, taking a short walk before going in, and remaining in but a short space at any one time. Neither body washing, bathing, rubbing, nor walking, so as to produce perspiration, is to take place the day a man is physicked, at least not until the effects of the purgative have entirely passed away.

Physicking requires great attention, and it has generally been practised on wrong principles, drastic or griping medicines having been commonly resorted to, and these repeated, to a certain extent, upon every man alike. Cases may occur where no physic whatever will be proper; namely, when the man trained is already in a low state, and requires at the commencement feeding and training upwards, and also when his body is in that open and relaxed state that the administering of the usual physic (salts) would be sure to "*train off*" such a subject. In general, however, men when watched to fight are found to be of full habit, flushed countenance, somewhat scorbutic, and a full pulse, sanguine, and usually slow, until nature has received one of those fillips which stimulate but to destroy. Sir Thomas Parkins, an ancient trainer of wrestlers, used to say exultingly, "Give me your man of scurvical habit, before a rheumatic one, who is in general a milksop or teadrinker; there we have blood and strength to work upon;" and he was right in the main, though our system of training at the present day tends principally to subdue every appearance of that sort upon the surface. So much is this the case that the condition of the man is invariably estimated by the state of the skin on stripping. Indeed our men, for the most part, strip as fair as women, which is brought about by the system of training to be laid down; the perspiration, and the rubbing, and subdued manner of living, throwing off or absorbing those numerous little scorbutic eruptions and pustules, on which hair is engendered.

This absorption and throwing off is best brought about by perspiration, procured in the first place by walking exercise, with good rubbing down, emptying the bowels, and keeping them open. If, nothwithstanding all this reducing of the system, the person trained retain all his passions to the full, with quick action of the pulse, this is a sign of irritation—if he feel repugnance at washing the body, it is a sign of great excitability and of inflammation, and tells forcibly, and he must be bled and purged well, though he may and ought already to have taken one dose of a brisk cathartic. Dull, heavy eyes, with a great disposition to sleep, starting in his sleep, or pricking of the skin, demand that he should be blooded; opening physic should ever follow bleeding.

Sweating profusely, for two or three days and nights early in the second week, should be regulated by circumstances of more or less bodily strength (hardness of constitution), and by the quantity of loose flesh and inside fat. The latter is ascertained by his being soon "*blown*" at running; in sparring, the man's loose meat may be perceived shaking on his sides, breasts, &c.: if it lie about the chops it is seen he is blubber-headed, and his head must be sweated particularly. As this course will reduce his strength, he cannot extend his exercises far while this is going on without inconvenience, yet is not this circumstance to be considered a bad symptom. Warm clothing and possets procure these sweats by night, with the help of walking hard or running by day. He must be ever rubbed down after the runs, and his bodyclothes changed often in a close shut-up chamber: it is the trunk more than the limbs that requires this kind of attention. If he shiver from within at any time the forcing sweats must be discontinued; it is the sign of wanting stamina, or that the reducing part of the process has been carried full far enough. The degree or quantity of reduction a man may bear without harm may also be ascertained.

With regard to losing weight, if the loss be gradual, the evacuations should continue until the man is sufficiently reduced; but if the loss be rapid, as from 9lb. to 4lb., and from 4lb. to 2lb., each successive day, the reducing must cease, as on the contrary, the system requires instant bracing up. Vomiting may be used when the stomach is foul, and to get rid of crudities which are not cleared away by purging. It must be resorted to when the pugilist feels nausea, has a hot fetid breath, or his tongue furred and white of a morning. This preliminary plan is necessary to clear the stomach and bowels of all obstructing and unwholesome substances, and to bring the organs of digestion into a healty state: for if it be not done, the subsequent food and exercise will be thrown away, and the person will never gain in strength. Though the ancients and moderns began training by freely giving an emetic, the propriety of emetics at all in training is very questionable. The best form of an emetic is one grain of tartar emetic and twenty grains of ipecacuanha, worked off by warm camomile tea. This cleansing exterior and interior is absolutely necessary, previous to the adoption of a regular course of living and exercise, which is the best calculated to improve a man's stamina; and though, as a general rule, it ought to cease at the end of the second week or commencement of the third, yet, under peculiar circumstances, opening medicine will be found necessary long afterwards. Its necessity will be ascertained by the bad state of the digestion, which may be produced by feeding too fast, by accidental debauch, and port wine has on many men the effect of producing constipation of the bowels, which must be gently removed by administering mercury in a mild shape, such as from three to five grains of the blue-pill over night, worked off next night by a mild infusion of senna. As a rule, the person trained should produce one stool a day, of somewhat firm consistence, and of a clear yellow colour. If it be of a dark brown colour it is a proof that the party is troubled with bile, and requires more physic. If the belly gets hard to the touch, or a short cough comes on after running, the blue pill is the remedy.

EXERCISE.

From the first moment the trainer should begin his exercises, unless his man be lately come out of a debauch of spirituous liquors, or is weak from recent disease, privation, or the sexual intercourse. Should he take a long walk, or run a hundred yards, with inconvenience, coughing, or pain in his side, the hams, or back, the trainer should seize this opportunity of operating upon his understanding by insisting that those obstacles shall vanish by a strict attention to his instruction and example; and, indeed, so important is this species of inculcation, that in default of his man complaining of pain anywhere, or of being evidently blown, inquiries be made on those points, or the man be exercised hard until he do give in. That part of his system which is so first affected, while his body is yet unemptied, may be noted as the weakest point about him; and that part, wherever situate, should ever undergo rubbing with the hand, or a rough cloth, or a horsehair glove of a morning, and first receive attention whenever the person is rubbed down. This species of rubbing, or friction, has been found a highly serviceable kind of treatment in all cases of rheumatic affections, or pains in the limbs; and should be followed assiduously by the careful trainer, who should show his employers early indications of a fine skin—that just criterion of condition in man and horse. In fact, it is through the skin chiefly that the loose fat is to be evacuated which hangs about the kidneys and intestines, about the ribs, the heart, and the skirt; and as the man will perspire more freely and copiously when the bowels are full than after they have been emptied, on account of the connection between them and the skin, if he be sweated in the first instance, he will, through the pores of the skin, lose that fat which would be carried away by purging. The pugilist should be properly sweated; and if his nature resist exercise and food, medicine should be administered, such as the Dover powder, or tartar emetic. The "hot liquor," recommended by Captain Barclay, to sweat pedestrians, should not be administered to pugilists.

We cannot too strongly insist on the necessity of reducing all appearance of corpulence by perspiration. This end cannot be well attained without a strict attention to dress. In order to increase perspiration, Mr. Jackson, a practical authority, recommends an extra quantity of clothes, particularly during morning exercise. Running is to be performed in a flannel dress, but exercise by walking in a man's ordinary clothes. The young are recommended by the same training authority to wear calico next the skin, but for older men flannel is preferable. Those who are trained for running are put between feather beds and loaded with clothes, to increase perspiration, but this is not done in training the boxer. With respect to bed-clothes, let us remark that they should be light, in order that the person may not be heated whilst asleep, which is extremely weakening. It is also important that there be no curtains to the bed, or at least that they be kept closely tied up during the night. Nothing is more prejudicial to strengthening and healthful sleep than close curtains. The increase of strength or weakness, though much influenced by what is taken into the stomach, and by its powers of digestion, yet a great deal depends on the management of the skin; and unless that be attended to there is every risk that your training will go for nothing. The stomach and bowels may be in healthful order, your wind may be sound, your lungs play freely, and yet may your skin, by improper management, soon throw the whole into disorder. Recollect for a moment, that nearly two-thirds of all that you eat and drink, passes off by the skin, and you will at once see the importance of keeping its pores open, and taking care not to stop or impede the free passage of perspiration. The subject is so extensive that a volume may be written upon it, but we must content ourselves here with a few practical remarks upon it as applicable to training. In order to keep the pores of the skin free to admit the escape of perspiration, it is indispensable that your man be kept clean in skin, and that it be purged of all the greasy scurf which naturally collects upon its surface. We should therefore recommend that the whole body be carefully washed, at least one a week, taking care to let this be done as speedily as possible, to prevent the bad effects of cold. Water somewhat warm is the best for cleansing the skin thoroughly; and to prevent its opening the pores too much it ought to be instantly followed up by a second wash of the coldest water that can be procured, or a plunge into the cold bath. The cold bath is recommended by Mr. Jackson to be used three times a week, and he very properly prefers sea bathing to fresh water bathing. But when it is inconvenient to go to the seaside, a quantity of salt thrown into the cold bath will render it better. The use of the salt is to smart and stimulate the skin and consequently to open its pores. The shorter time a person remains in the bath the better. Friction in training was better understood by ancient than by modern trainers. In training race-horses, indeed, is it much better understood, and more practised than in the more important training of men. On the principles laid down, we say, that if you rub the skin till it glow, you will stimulate the pores into healthy action, and also draw to the part rubbed a great quantity of blood, as you will see by the increased redness of the parts. Now, all the perspiration must come from the blood; and consequently if you both open the pores of the skin and bring thither a greater determination of blood, you will to a certainty increase perspiration, and of course reduce your fat, and improve your wind. The only friction mentioned by Jackson is performed after hard exercise, and particularly after the morning run, when he recommends the skin to be rubbed dry, and immediately clothed, one limb after another. We should advise the daily use of the flesh-brush or horsehair glove for about a quarter of an hour, morning and evening. Nothing acts more powerfully on the wind, and on the process of digestion.

Early hours, in respect to training, are marked by daylight and dark night only—the dial having nothing to do with these at any time of the year. Nightfall should send the trainer and his man in doors, and if it be summer time, to bed; let dawn of day and the clarion of chanticleer call him forth, if he be not already abroad, as he would no doubt desire to be, in case of sultry nights and a clear sky. Damp atmosphere and chilling winds must be guarded against, and instead of running abroad when they prevail, let the pair spar at home, grind the meal, rub down a horse, play at nine pins, leap-frog, or any manly exersise, other than riding, swinging, dancing. With these precautions, the walk to the bath may be followed by a trot after it, *i. e.* the extreme pace of toe and heel for a mile; then a rest, as long as one might eat a dry biscuit, or stale crust, and then a run home to breakfast, increasing in quickness daily, and perhaps in the length of the whole excursion also, up to three or four miles.

[To be continued.]

A Lady's Orthography.

The following "character" was supplied to a housemaid in an English city by her mistress. "The barer, Mrs.——, is of great rispektability and is a most exlent dumystick in a konfident kapacity. She has lived ate years in her last plice, and has a hunimpeachable carreter. She is pirfetly sobar, and never drinks nothink but what does her good. Will be fund a grate acvsition to a single jintelman, or would shute a weddower. The lady where she lives gives her this carreter, and never would pearted with her, but she goes to osstrailye."

☞ One of Queen Victoria's state balls, it is said, causes on expenditure of half a million of dollars for dresses and jewels.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE RING.

Fights to Come Off.

18.—Barry and Wareham—25*l.* a side, London.
18.—Longmore and Mason—25*l.* a side, Birmingham.
19.—Baker and Daly—25*l.* a side, London.
Aug. 9.—Keefe and Franklin—25*l.* a side, London.
9—Hudson and Sparrow—10*l.* a side, London.
23.—Sims and Parker—25*l.* a side, London.
Day not fixed, Sayers and Langham, 100*l.* a side.
Day not fixed, Jones and an Unknown to be named by Hayes, 300*l.* a side, London.

Champions of England,

From 1719 to 1852.

1719.—FIGG.
1734.—GEORGE TAYLOR.
1740.—JACK BROUGHTON.
1750.—JACK SLACK.
1760.—JEM STEPHENS.
1761.—GEORGE MEGGS.
1764.—BILL DARTS.
1769.—LYONS.
1777.—HARRY SELLERS.
1785.—JOHNSON.
1790.—RYAN (Big Ben).
1792.—MENDOZA.
1795.—JACKSON (retired).
1803.—JEM BELCHER.
1805.—PEARCE (the Game Chicken).
1808.—GULLEY (declined the office).
1809.—TOM CRIBB (received a belt, not transferable, and cup.
1824.—TOM SPRING (received four cups, and resigned office).
1825.—JEM WARD (received a belt, not transferable).
1833.—DEAF BURKE (claimed the office, since dead).
1839.—BENDIGO, beat Deaf Burke, claimed championship, and received belt from Jem Ward.
1841.—CAUNT, beat Nick Ward, and received a belt by subscription. This belt is transferable.
1846.—BENDIGO, beat Caunt, and got the belt, which he still holds.
1851.—PERRY (Tipton Slasher), beat Paddock, and claimed the Championship, Bendigo refusing to fight again.
1851.—HARRY BROOME, beat Perry.

Fight between Brunt and Sherratt.

We have received several accounts of a fight that took place on Monday last at Money Ash, Derbyshire, between John Burnt of Macclesfield and George Sherratt of Congleton, for 20*l.* a side. From what we can gather, it seems Brunt was seconded by Parker of Macclesfield, and Sherratt by Callaghan of Derby and Ned Moseley. Brunt gained first blood and first knockdown blow in the third round, after which the fighting was tolerably even until the 30th round, when Sherratt adopted the dropping system, which he pursued until the 61st and last round, when he fell as usual, and, as alleged by his friends, was struck a foul blow by Brunt. Brunt and his backers declare that no blow at all was struck, but that Sherratt fell, and, on his friends appealing, jumped up und left the ring without waiting for the decision of the referee. Each party claims the stakes. It would be impossible for us to decide between them, but luckily we are spared this trouble, as we have received a letter from Jeffrey Allcock, the referee, who decides that they must fight again. He names the 25th instant as the day, but, as he is not empowered by the articles to name a time, that must be arranged by the parties. There seems to have been a great deal of irregularity in the proceedings on both sides, and we would suggest to the country Fancy that if they cannot settle their differences in a more straightforward and sportsmanlike manner, they had better abstain altogether from match-making.

From Bell's Life, July 10.

The Championship.

We have received the following letter from Harry Broome, who says he missed the train at Liverpool last week, and was thus prevented from keeping his appointment at our office, on Friday week;—8th July, 1853. Mr. Editor: In answer to the remarks in your paper of last week, with reference to the Tipton Slasher and myself, and in justice to my backers, as also for the satisfaction of the public, it is necessary that some little explanation should be given, as I am charged with never intending fighting the Tipton Slasher, and as I read that the Slasher feels disgusted at my conduct in not meeting him at your office, I beg leave to state the following facts: The Tipton Slasher has forfeited on three separate occasions to me, when he has never put in an appearance, viz.—1st, at the Castle Tavern, Holborn; 2d, at Jemmy Shaw's; and 3d, at Jem Burn's. The Slasher complained of having travelled from Dudley to London on Friday last to make the match, but he forgets that I travelled from Manchester to London, a distance of 180 miles, to meet him at Jem Burn's, and although he was within 100 yards of the house he never put in an appearance. To show to the public that I mean fighting THIS WOULD-BE CHAMPION, I shall be at Mr. Ledgers, Star Tavern, Belgrave-square, on Wednesday evening next, prepared to make a match and draw up articles to fight the Slasher, for 250*l.* a side, or upwards, and I beg to hand you 10*l.* as a deposit, to be made into 20*l.* a side on Wednesday evening. The public will now see whether I intend fighting or not. My position I obtained honourably and fairly in a 24 feet rope ring, and will never resign it so long as I have only such opponents as the Tipton Slasher, and a mere challenge shall not take away the title of championship from me. By inserting this in your valuable journal you will oblige, yours, &c., HARRY BROOME, Champion of England.

P.S. I have taken the Crown, Cranbourne-street, Leicester-square, the house kept by the late celebrated stunning Joe Banks, which I enter in a few days.—[We trust that some arrangement will at length be made to bring these men to a meeting. Chaffing on either side will not lead to any good result, and if both are really anxious for business let them meet and settle the affair in a friendly way.]

Since the portion of our paper devoted to "Ring Intelligence," went to press, the Tipton Slasher has called on us, and hearing that Broome had staked 10*l.*, *to prove that he meant fighting*, has staked 50*l.* on his part. He says he does not wish to go to Mr. Ledger's or anywhere else to make a match. He wishes to fight, and see who is entitled to be Champion, and will meet Broome at our office on Friday next, at twelve o'clock. The Slasher has signed the articles drawn up by us last week, and he thinks if Broome is really anxious for a match, he will cover the 50*l.* staked by him (Perry), and sign the articles. If Broome is in earnest, and wishes it, the Slasher is ready to stake the whole 250*l.*, or even 500*l.* at once, for a match to come off in four months. This certainly looks like business on Perry's part, and we should think that if Broome is anxious to fight (which he says he is) he will at once jump at the offer of Perry, sign the articles, and stake 40*l.* in addition to the 10*l.* down. We hope that if he does not mean business, we shall not be troubled any more about the matter.

Hayes and Jones.

These men met on Tuesday at Jem Burn's, Rising Sun, Air-Street, Piccadilly, and staked 10*l.* a side to fight for 300*l.* a side in seven weeks. They agreed to meet at our office on Friday and draw articles. At the appointed time Hayes was present, but Jones sent a note excusing himself, and saying he had other fish to fry. We consider that Hayes is fairly entitled to a forfeit of the money down, and that moreover he must now be considered champion of the light weights, a title to which he would have been entitled before, but it was considered after his drawn battle with Donnelly that he had retired from the Ring, and hence the honour was conferred on the Scotch laddie and wrested from him by Jones. As the latter refused to fight Hayes, he of course abandons all claim to the name, and Hayes resumes his position. Hayes is now anxious to make another match with Grant, the match made last week having fallen to the ground. Hayes will fight him for 200*l.* a side, or any man in the world from 9st 8lb to 10st for 500*l.* a side, money always ready at Dan Dismor's, King's Arms, Smart's-buildings, Holborn.

Baker and Daly, £25 a side.

George Baker, of Chatham, and Patsey Daley are to fight at 9st 12lb on Tuesday, July 19, in the home circuit; both are reported to be in first-rate fettle, and a stirring contest is expected. Baker has been training under the care of his old opponent, Dan Collins, at the Old Bell Inn, Aylesford. The final deposit was to be made at Mr. Hill's, Watermann's Arms, Brick-lane, on Tuesday last.

Sayers and Nat Langham.

These men met at Jim Burn's, Rising Sun, Air-street, Piccadilly, on Tuesday last, and staked 10*l.* a side, and signed articles to fight for 100*l.* a side, at 11st, on the 18th of October, in the home circuit. The next deposit, of 10*l.* a side, is to be made at Mr. Caunt's, Coach and Horses, St Martin's-lane, on the 19th inst. This match which has been so long talked about, and which is thus at length satisfactorily arranged, excites intense interest in sporting circles.

Sims and Parker.

A further deposit of 2*l.* a side was made for this match at Mr. Myer's, Old King John, Holywell-lane, on Tuesday last. The next is to be made at Mr. Wallace's, Blue Anchor, Bunhill-row, on Tuesday next.

Orme's backer says that he does not choose Orme to give away weight and fight Paddock, unless the latter will stake odds. If Paddock will fight 200*l.* to 160*l.*, a match can be made by Paddock, staking a deposit in our hands. Orme's backer declares that Orme was no party to the challenge sent from Manchester at the time of Broome's benefit. All we know of the matter is that the challenge was contained in a letter sent by H. Broome, and that Orme was at the time on a sparring tour in Broome's company.

Young flowers, who defeated Gough of Lambeth-hill, wishes to fight any of the fancy boys of Queenhithe, for their own sum; J. Hawker preferred. Money and man ready at Mr. Mapp's, Water-lane, Blackfriars.

George Brown has matters in hand which prevent his fighting at present. As soon as they are satisfactorily arranged he will be glad to accommodate Hazletine according to his challenge.

T. Beaumont has a lad he will match to fight any one at 7st, for 10*l.* or 20*l.* a side. Money ready on Tuesday evening next, at the Grapes, Albemarle-street, Clerkenwell.

Joe Allen of Chelsea will fight either Joe M'Gee or Jack Wright, for 25*l.* a side, at 9st 2lb. Money ready at the Rose and Crown, Lower Sloane-street, Chelsea.

Longmoore and Mason.

We have received from our Birmingham correspondent a further deposit of 5*l.* a side, for the fight between the above named men, who are in close training. The final deposit will be made to-morrow, at George Holden's, the Crown and Malt Shovel, Walsall. The men will also toss for choice of place.

Sparrow and Hudson.

The second deposit of 1*l.* 10*s.* a side for this match was made at Mr. Short's, Leaping Bar, Old-street, St. Luke's, on Tuesday last. The next is to be made at Mr. Child's, Prince of Wales, Sheep-lane, Hackney, on Tuesday next.

Keefe and Franklin.

We have received a further deposit of 2*l.* 10*s.* a side for this match, made at Mr. Abbot's, Coach and Horses, Chelsea, on Thursday last. The next deposit is to be made at Mr. Wallace's, Blue Anchor, Bunhill-row, on the 14th inst.

PEDESTRIANISM.

GREAT RACE IN ENGLAND.

Between William Jackson, the American Deer, and George Frost, the Suffolk Stag.

For £50 a side, and the Champion's Belt.

TRIUMPH OF THE DEER.

Monday, 4th of July.

The match of 10 miles, between George Frost (the Suffolk Stag) and William Jackson (better known as the American Deer), for £50 a side, and the Champion's Belt, came off to-day. The belt had been previously in the possession of the Stag; but the right of retention being challenged by the Deer, gave rise to the present contest. Before we enter into a description of the race, it may prove interesting to give the antecedental contests that have taken place for the possession of this belt; but previously we may observe that, on Thursday, the 1st of January, 1852, Jackson and Frost had tested their relative celerity, in a five mile race, on the cricket ground, at Leicester, on which occasion Frost proved the winner by between 20 and 30 yards, doing the five miles in 26½ minutes. On the 12th of the same month (January 1852) Mr. John Garratt, the proprietor of the then existing Copenhagen Grounds, offered for competition among all the pedestrian "notabilities" of the day, a very elegant belt, of the value of 25*l.*; the winner to be designated Champion (of the runners), but always subject to be challenged, on certain terms, and at certain intervals, the distance to be run being ten miles. On this exciting occasion (which, being the first, was a handicap race) 18 of the crack velocipedes extant started; and among the competitors were the aforesaid Jackson and Frost, and here again the "Stag" proved successful, outstripping all his opponents, and bearing away the prize, Jackson having given in in the fourth mile. Frost that time completed his 10 miles in *fifty-four minutes and nine seconds*. Frost, however, was not permitted long to wear his laurels unmolested, for shortly after this he was challenged to run 10 miles for the belt, and 50*l.* a side, by John Levett of Battersea, to come off at the "Cope" on Monday, the 22d of the following March. This match having been accepted, we find the men "toeing the scratch" on the appointed day, when nearly 20,000 spectators assembled to witness the performance. After one of the swiftest and best contested races on record, Frost was defeated, and the proud appellation of "Champion" transferred to the victorious Levett, who went over the ground in the astonishing short space of *fifty-two minutes and thirty-five seconds* (on the following Monday, March 29, Levett defeated Jackson and several others in a twenty mile race). Levett in his turn was next challenged by the "Deer," and on the 31st of the following May we find them struggling for the "premiership" at the "Cope." This time, though the odds at starting were 2 to 1 in Levett's favor, Jackson nearly overlapped his adversary in the last round, and ran in a winner by upwards of 500 yards, completing his ten miles in the unprecedentedly short period of *some seconds under fifty-two minutes*. Matters now remained, with regard to the belt, *in statu quo* for some time; but all was not to be *coleur de rose* with Jackson for the remainder of the year, for, some time after his victory, Levett again threw down the gauntlet, which the "Deer," as in duty bound, took up (but not till considerable delay, and some epistolary correspondence had taken place) and at length an arrangemect was entered into by both men for the match to come off at the "Cope" on the 20th of the following September, same distance, and for same sums as above, and the belt. Some disagreement, however, arising, the match was postponed until the 11th of October, when we once more saw them start away from the scratch, on the old ground, and run a most beautiful race. On this occasion Jackson was doomed to be defeated, despite his every exertion, as Levett was declared the winner, but not by more than two or three yards, Jackson, before leaving the course, challenged the victor to another contest. The 10 miles on this occasion were run by Levett in *fifty-one minutes and forty-five seconds*. It would appear that Levett having gone into business in Sheffield, proved "deaf" to the challenge now given by Jackson, but his old antagonist, George Frost, once more appeared in the field, and a match was made between them (Frost and Jackson), to come off on the 7th of last December. When the day appointed came, however, there was no race, Jackson having been bound in a heavy penalty to Mr. Beswick, of the Royal Oak, to run nowhere within 10 miles of London for a certain time, without his permission, which he withheld on this occasion. This oft-contended-for belt was at length again run for by Levett and Frost on the 25th of last March, at the Royal Oak, Barking-road, (the once celebrated "Cope" being defunct), and Levett was once more obliged to resign the prize to Frost, who, at the termination of the race, was about 400 yards ahead of his opponent, having run the 10 miles on this occasion in *fifty-four and a half minute*. Such is a brief history of this Champions Belt, and now to return to our subject, namely, the race of last Monday. It was nearly six o'clock before the men appeared in the field. The appearance of Jackson was everything that could be desired, but Frost looked altogether "out o' sorts," pale and haggard, with a "lack lustre eye," and most dispirited appearance. Even Beswick's brass band, playing up "Cheer Boys! Cheer!" seemed to have lost all influence over him. He has suffered much after his last race by rheumatics. Westhall and Newman waited on Jackson, while Convay and Patterson did "the amiable" for Frost. Jackson at starting was the favourite at 7 to 4, and at 13 minutes past six the men got away with a fair start. Jackson in the first lap took a slight lead, which at the end of the first mile he had increased to about 150 yards, and long odds were now freely offered on him. Jackson, as lively as a grig, kept gradually increasing his advantage, and in the eighth lap any odds might have been obtained, but there were not any takers. In the middle of the tenth lap, Jackson, being within 50 yards of overlapping his adversary, Frost gave in, to the amazement and disappointment of all beholders. In our opinion, however, he acted wisely, for he had not the "shadow of a shade" of success. He assured us that he had been for some time past in very indifferent health, and at the time he started from the post was acutely attacked with rheumatic pains. Jackson, despite the retirement of his adversary, pursued his course with almost undiminished speed, and accomplished his 10 miles in fifty-four minutes one second.

Jackson to the World.—I will run Manks any distance, from 100 yards to 20 miles, for 50*l.* or 100*l.* a side; I will accept Syddal's challenge to run four miles, for 50*l.* or 100*l* a side, or any man in the world from eight to 20 miles, or I will take 200*l* to 100*l* to 100*l* that I run 11¼ miles in one hour or 21 miles in two hours. All these matches to be on a turnpike road within 25 miles of London.—Yours, &c, W. Jackson, (the American Deer).—July 8, 1853.

Jackson (the American Deer), the present holder of the champion running belt, proposes—with the consent of Mr. Beswick of the Royal Oak—to make a sweepstake, open to the world, of 25*l.* each; the first man to receive 100*l.* out of the stakes and the belt permanently, the second and third men to be rewarded proportionately out of the balance of the stakes and the gate money; to be run for at the Royal Oak, Barking-road, on a day hereafter to be agreed upon.

YACHTING.

Great Yarmouth Roads Regatta.

On Tuesday and Wednesday last this annual regatta attracted some thousands of people from all parts of Norfolk. Monster trains conveyed passengers from Norwich, and from every station along the line of railways to the scene of amusement. Before 12 o'clock on Tuesday, the beach were covered with pleasure-seekers, inhaling the sea breezes. Prizes had been offered for yacht, yawl, pleasure-boat, and rowing matches, which produced a good deal of sport, though not equal to former years. If Yarmouth is to compete with Lowestof. Regatta, subscriptions of larger amount must be raised, and higher prizes offered.

FIRST DAY.—Fifty Sovereigns, for yachts not exceeding 35 tons. At 12 the signal gun was fired, and the following yachts took their stations opposite the jetty:

Phantom	25 tons	S. Lane, Esq, R. T. Y. C
Thought	25 tons	G. Coope, Esq, R. T. Y. C
Maude	25 tons	Capt. Andrews, R. L. Y. C.

They started in good style at 12:37, sailing southward to a flag-boat opposite the monument, then north to a flag-boat opposite the battery, three rounds, a distance of 15 miles. Each round was finished as follows:

YACHT.	FIRST ROUND. H. M. S.	SECOND ROUND. H. M. S.	THIRD ROUND. H. M. S.
Phantom	1 20 43	2 41 40	3 50 1
Maude	1 47 10	2 56 0	4 8 42
Thought	1 [illegible] 7	3 10 0	4 2 40

A small schooner of 18 or 20 tons, named the Dusangee, was entered, but gave up at the end of the first round.

The yachts got away in good style, the Maud the smartest, who took the lead, followed by the Phantom. The Thought's topsail got foul, and nearly ten minutes elapsed before it was properly set. Before the end of the first round the Phantom went in advance, and finally won by nearly eleven minutes and a half; the Thought being second.

Owing to all the beachmen being engaged in the mackerel fishery, there was no match for the second prize of £15, offered to be contended for by yawls.

Third Prize of £10, for yachts not exceeding 15 tons. The following started at 3h 2min 40sec:—

Kitten	14 tons	Mischief	10 tons
Waveney	15 tons		

During the three rounds the match excited much interest, and was well contested. The yachts came in as follows in each round:

	FIRST ROUND. H. M. S.	SECOND ROUND. H. M. S.	THIRD ROUND. H. M. S.
Waveney	4 15 10	5 35 [illegible]	6 37 20
Kitten	4 15 49	5 [illegible]	6 38 40
Mischief	4 16 26	5 27 10	[illegible] up.

Continued on 4th page.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

HOME MATTERS.

That Match.

Nothing further has taken place since our last in relation to the Sullivan & Morrissy match. If the parties wish to keep things on "the sly," why the Clipper will help them, barring the exception of communicating all such information to our readers, who, we promise, will be "mum" on the subject.

Yacht Race at Hoboken.

A race between the boats Greenville and Gypsey, for $50 a side, came off on Friday last. The distance sailed was from Hoboken to stake boat at Bedlow's Island, and repeat. The match was a well contested one, the Greenville coming in winner by a few yards only.

New Yachts in Philadelphia.

Several new yachts have been launched at Philadelphia lately, and it is more than probable they will take part in the regatta to take place on the Hudson in October next.

Regatta at Keyport.

A regatta is to come off at Keyport on Thursday next, free for all boats not measuring over 30 feet, for a purse of $50. Distance to be sailed, 20 miles.

Trotting at Saratoga.

The following matches are announced to come off at Saratoga:—

On Saturday, July 30, at 4 P.M.—Purse, of $1,000, two mile heats, in harness.

H. Woodruff names b. m. Flora Temple of New York.

Wm. Woodruff names ro. g. Tacony, of Philadelphia.

On Saturday, August 6, at 4 P.M.—Purse of $1,000, mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

Wm. King names bl. g. Black Douglass, of Philadelphia.

F. J. Nodine names b. g. Centreville, of New York.

On Saturday, August 13, at 4 P.M.—Purse of $1,000, mile heats, best 3 in 5, to wagons.

Wm. King names bl. g. Black Douglass, of Philadelphia.

F. J. Nodine names b. g. Centreville, of New York.

FLORA TEMPLE AND TACONY.

Tuesday, July 26.—The first of these matches, to come off at Saratoga, came off today, between Flora Temple and Tacony, and was won by Flora Temple, she having gained the three first heats.

TIME.—First heat	2:30
" Second heat	2:31
" Third heat	2:32

A person advertised on Monday, that he would bet $2,500 to $2,000 that Tacony would win. We endeavored to find the person out but could not, so that we had not a chance to take up his bet. We knew the game he was up to.

Regatta at New Haven.

Tuesday, July 26.

YALE COLLEGE PRIZES.

An interesting exercise, took place this afternoon. Through the liberality of the graduating class, two prizes of considerable value were offered for competition to the club-boats connected with the several classes, and the trial took place to-day.

Four boats entered the lists, viz., the Ariel, of four oars, the Halcyon, of eight oars, the Nepenthe, of six oars, and the Thalia, of six oars.

The arranged course was around a stake fixed in the harbor, about a mile from the starting point. The contest excited much interest, and in spite of the unpleasantness of the weather, hundreds of spectators assembled to behold it. All the crews evinced a high degree of skill, and excited just admiration for the regularity and precision of their movements

The first prize, consisting of a silver cup valued at $20, was won by the Thalia, Capt. Dwight, and the second, consisting of a set of colors of the value of $10, by the Halcyon, Capt. Stevens.

The manly exercise of boating has grown in favor among the students of this College, and the Yale Navy consists now of six well manned boats.

PACING AT NEW ORLEANS.
METAIRIE COURSE.

SUNDAY, July 10, 1853.—Pacing Match for $200, $100 ft., Mile heats, best 3 in 5 in harness.

John Allen's bl. m. *Lola Montez*	1 2 1 2 1
J. L. Eoff's b. m. *Cordelia*	2 1 2 1 2

Time, 2:42—2:46—2:50—2:51—2:49.

This race proved one of the most interesting of the season, being closely contested throughout. Lola was the favorite, the bay mare having been in training but a few days; she acquitted herself remarkably well, however, for a green one, and gained many friends, losing the last and deciding heat by about a neck.

First Heat.—At the tap they went off dead locked, and at no time during the heat was daylight visible between them, Lola taking the cat-gut freely, and showing in front by just enough to swear by. Time, 2:42.

Second Heat.—Cordelia outscored Lola, and was never headed coming to the stand, in 2:46.

Third Heat.—They got off well together, Cordelia, however, throwing out her check rein on the turn; she got her head down, and made several breaks in the heat, Lola coming home at her ease in 2:50.

Fourth Heat.—They went dead locked to the half mile pole, when Lola broke, and Cordelia opened quite a gap. On coming down the home stretch the *danseuse* footed up to her opponent, but broke before getting to the line. Time 2:51.

Fifth Heat.—This was now the deciding heat, each nag having won two. Both went off side and side, and continued in this position to within a short distance of home when Lola, who was taking the whip at every step, drew out, winning the heat by about a neck. Time, 2:49,

SAME DAY,—Purse $25, entrance $5, added. for *mules*, mile heats, best 3 in 5, to wagons.

H. Nelson's *Rose*, by Fardown, out of Kilkenny	2 2 1 1 1
S. O'Rourke's *Black Louise*, by Clay's Big Jack, out of Little Jenny	1 1 2 2 2
T. Feeney's *Polly Hopkins*, by Little Jack, out of Big Jenny	0 0 0 0 0
J. McGauley *Lola Montez*, by Prince of Orange, out of Mary Queen of Scots	0 0 0 0 0
J. Finan's *Sarah*, by Faugh a Ballagh out of Kate Kearney	0 0 0 0 0

Time not stated.

The Race of the Ocean Steamers.

To the Editor.

Sir: As a great deal has been said in regard to the short Eastern passage of the Arabia, I have thought that a statement of facts would be interesting, at least to those who have wagers. I am one who think in all races against time there should be at least a starting point. Now, the Arabia had none, but it is said started at full speed at 12 35 P. M. What they mean by full speed I do not know, but I do know at what time she passed the Battery. The Arabia left her wharf the day previous to sailing, and let go her anchor some distance below. At twelve o'clock, M., she was under weigh, and sailed up the river abreast her dock, and then turned her head down the river (with a strong ebb tide,) and at 12 17 passed the Battery. Now take that for the starting point, and the Arctic is ahead of the Arabia 20 minutes. Or take even their own statement, and still the Arctic is ahead. According to the statement as published in *The Liverpool Courier*:

	Days.	Hours.	Minutes.
The Arabia sailed .....June 15, at 12 35, P.M.			
Passed the Rock Light....June 25, at 10 34, A.M.			
Apparent Time.....	9	21	59
Deduct Difference of Time...	0	4	56
Making.....	9	17	3
The Arctic sailed.....Feb. 7, at 12, M.			
Passed the Battery.....Feb. 7, at 12 15, M.			
Arrived at Rock Light ....Feb. 17, at 10 12 A.M.			
Apparent Time.....	9	21	57
Deduct Difference of Time...	0	4	56
Making.....	9	17	1

The Arabia passed the Battery at 12 17, instead of 12 35, making a difference in favor of the Artic of 18 minutes. By publishing the above you will confer a great favor on

Yours respectfully,
James C. Luce,
Commander of the steamship Arctic.

The May Flower.

The American yacht May Flower, which sailed for Havre last month, arrived out on the 10th inst. The May Flower is to take part in the Cowes Regatta.

The Regatta at Salem.

A Regatta took place at Salem a short time since, and the following is the result:

The Moll Pitcher, of Lynn, allowing 30 minutes to the ton, took the first prize over the Edward Eddy, by 31 seconds—$50.

The Edward Eddy, of Salem, took the second prize, over the Ariomedes, by 17sec. —$30.

The Ariomedes, of Salem, took the third prize, over the Mystery, by 2 minutes—$26.

The other yachts engaged made good time, but the Moll Pitcher, like her namesake, proved too many guns for the rest of the fleet. She took the first prize, allowing 30 seconds to the ton, by nearly 3 minutes over the Mystery — the crack boat of Salem Go in Moll.

The Great $10,000 Match. South Carolina and Virginia.

The Great Match Race to come off over the Fairfield Course, near Richmond, Va., on the 27th of September next, between Maj. T. G. Bacon's South Carolina mare *Nina*, and Capt. John Belcher's Virginia horse *Red Eye*, is creating quite a sensation among the friends of the Turf in that section, and even at this early day large sums of money have been already staked upon the result. The Richmond "Morning Mail" says—

"The fact that Red Eye has beaten Nina in one contest at two mile heats, and that he has won nearly every race in which he has heretofore been entered, has given him a reputation for speed and bottom rarely enjoyed by any horse, while it has attached to him hundreds of friends who will go their whole pile on him against anything that travels upon four feet. On the other hand, Nina, his half sister, by Boston, is known to be as fleet as the wind, and from her performances in the State from which she hails, has no doubt many friends who will back her to the last shilling, if she comes to the score in proper condition. The Turfmen of South Carolina are not apt to let their Virginia friends outbrag them in this game of chance; and as they are as celebrated for State pride as for their chivalry, we shall be greatly surprised if hundreds of them are not with us on the day of the match, loaded with the needful and prepared to risk it.

The race, as we have before stated, is for a purse of $10,000; two mile heats. This is the largest purse that has been run for in Virginia for ten years. But in addition to the money, "State pride" is added to the stake, for the contest is between the glorious little State of South Carolina and Old Virginia, heretofore invincible on the Turf. Who shall carry off the head of an older brother, who has worn it so long and so honorably? Or will the proud old hero of many a hard fought battle add another garland to his victorious wreath? At this early day, we will enter into no predictions as to the result, but if we had the "pewter," and were disposed to risk it, we should not hesitate a moment in naming the winner.

We hope our South Carolina friends will be at Fairfield to see the result, where speed and bottom, with fair management, must win the money and the name.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

JULY 30, 1853.

HARRISON TRENT, Proprietor. | FRANK QUEEN, Editor.

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THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

A Weekly Sporting Paper,

DEVOTED TO

THE RING, THE TURF,
YACHTING, PEDESTRIANISM,
CRICKET, ROWING MATCHES,
THEATRICALS, MUSIC,

And the various sports of the

OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

The Clipper is published every Thursday morning, and is for sale by the news dealers in New York, Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, Jersey City, &c., at the low price of 3 cents per copy.

Reports of Races, Prize Fights, and sporting items of all kinds will be gladly received from correspondents, and inserted gratuitously in the columns of the Clipper.

Advertisements inserted on reasonable terms, viz., 6 cents per line for the first insertion, and 4 cents per line for each subsequent insertion. The Clipper will afford a desirable medium for the circulation of sporting and other advertisements, as its immense patronage secures its perusal by 50,000 readers.

Full reports of every sporting affair of interest, in this or the old country, will be always found in the Clipper, and extensive arrangements will be made to procure such domestic information as cannot be found in any other journal.

The Amusement Department, embracing the Opera, Theatricals, Exhibitions, &c., &c., will be under the direction of a gentleman every way qualified for that duty. Our reports will be correct, and such as may be depended upon for truthfulness.

In fact, no expense will be spared by the proprietor to render the New York Clipper one of the most desirable papers published in this city.

Communications on business should be addressed to the proprietor, and those for the editorial department to the editor. Either of our wholesale Agents will receive and deliver into our hands all communications addressed to us.

Correspondence from other cities, towns, &c., will meet with proper attention.

Sporting Items are solicited from all quarters.

TERMS OF THE CLIPPER.

THREE CENTS a single copy.
ONE DOLLAR & FIFTY CENTS a year.
FOUR COPIES will be sent to one address one year for **FIVE DOLLARS**, or a larger number in the same proportion; in all cases in advance.

THE SKIPPER'S CABIN.

A TALK WITH OUR FRIENDS—AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Thanks.—We cannot let the opportunity pass without returning our sincere and heartfelt thanks to our patrons, for the interest they manifested in the success of the Clipper last week. Raising the price of a paper is at all times a dangerous experiment, and should never be attempted unless it is found impossible to meet the wishes of the public without. This was the case with us. We had expended our capital in the effort to make a paper suitable to the wants of a large portion of the community, and discovered that notwithstanding our immense circulation, it was utterly impossible to continue Our appeal to the public was heartily responded to, and we had the gratifying cooperation of the trade generally. The first edition was completely exhausted early on the morning of Thursday, our day of publication. Our wholesale agents were besieged by anxious customers, and news dealers about town were likewise besieged by the public. On Thursday afternoon, our second edition was printed and rapidly circulated.

Now this was indeed cheering, and was a great incentive to urge us to renewed efforts to please. We feel thankful for the kindness extended to us, and will endeavor to deserve a continuance of public favor. In the mean time, *imagine* us making a very polite bow, and inviting the company up to take a "little sumthin'."

* * * * * *

The First President.—Readers, you have many a time passed by, in the neighborhood of Wall and Nassau streets, and doubtless you have time and again stopped to admire the noble building at the corner, known as the Custom house. Do you know that that spot of ground was at one time the scene of one of the grandest ceremonies ever witnessed in this city? Perhaps many of our readers do not. We will inform them. In 1789, the old Federal Hall stood on the site now occupied by the Custom house, and in a gallery of that hall, facing Wall street, on the 30th of April, 1789, *George Washington was inaugurated the first President of the United States of America!* In the morning of the day appointed, religious services suited to the occasion were performed in all the churches of the city. At 12 o'clock, the troops paraded before the President's door, and soon afterward came the committee of Congress and the heads of departments in carriages, to attend him to the Federal Hall, where the two houses of Congress were assembled. The procession moved forward with the troops in front, next the committee and heads of departments, then the President in a coach, alone, followed by the foreign ministers, civil officers of the state, and citizens. Arrived at the hall, he ascended to the Senate Chamber, and passed thence to a balcony in front of the house, where the oath was administered to him by Chancellor Livingston. The President returned to the Senate Chamber in the midst of loud acclamations from the surrounding throng of spectators. Few persons think of the important ceremonies once performed upon the spot where now is transacted the commerce of this vast and busy city.

* * * * * *

Gone to Sea.—Our city is now so full of country cousins, that their friends at home are having prayers said for "those who have gone to sea—*the elephant!*"

* * * * * *

Some of that Poetry.—We believe we have the luck of giving some fine specimens of poetry in this department of the Clipper. The following is the experience of a married man. It is addressed to a friend who "doesn't know what it is to be married." Read it.

I b'lieve you is n't married, Ned?
You does n't know the sweets,
Vich vaits upon that appy state,
Ven men and vomen meets!
The bussoms varm emotions, Ned,
And the drops within the eyes,
And the nice washed things, and the darned
stockins,
And all them tender ties.

You don't know vat it is, Ned,
Vile lying on your bed;
To gaze on careful voman's form
Vile the breakfast things is spread!
Ven you don't vant to git up, Ned,
'Cos the kiver feels so nice;
And she says, "vont you av another cup,
And this ere other slice?"

Vile the fire is burnin bright, Ned,
And all upon the chair
Your linen and y'r draw'rs, Ned,
Is a hangin up "to air!"
I axes every heart, Ned,
You is n't made of steel,
If you can sit before that fire
And not a varming feel!

* * * * * *

Black mail versus Black female.—Mr. Sedgwick, President of the Crystal Palace Association, in his recent speech, said the press had not attempted to levy *black mail*, yet he carefully and very cunningly avoided any allusion whatever to their transactions with *black females*.

* * * * * *

An Egg.—Can any of our readers guess the following riddle? To those who cannot cypher out the answer, we have placed it at the head of this article, so that they need'nt be kept in the dark. Those who *do* make it out, of course won't require telling:

In marble walls, as white as milk,
Lin'd with a skin as soft as silk,
Within a fountain crystal clear,
A golden apple does appear.
No doors there are to this strong hold,
Yet thieves break in and steel the gold.

* * * * * *

Sour Krout.—Talk as we may about the Dutch, they are the most persevering people among us. A Dutchman, in telling how he *made a hen set* that *wouldn't set*, says,

"You may talk as you pe a mind about te hog's peing te contrariest animal, but te hen ish so much te more contrary a coot teal. Vy, no longer aco and toder day I try to make a hen set; I make a nest up cood; poot te hen on, but she no set; I jam her down on the eggs, but she vill 'op right up. Den I make a leetle pox, 'pout so pig one way, measuring with his hands, and 'pout so pig toder way—den I poots te leetle pox over her—and den I just takes and raises te pox to see whether she is setting, and I be tam if I don't fint te tam hen *set a standing!*

* * * * * *

A Parody.—Papers copying the following pointed and sharp production, will please to give credit at the end of each verse; this is all we ask, and they cannot surely refuse us this.

The break of day was coming fast,
As through the busy streets there passed
A newsboy with his "here they are,
The greatest paper you ever saw,
The Clipper."

His brow was calm, his eye beneath
Gleamed like a bowie knife from its sheath,
While shrilly rang his well-known cry:
"Who 's the next cust'mer wants to buy
The Clipper?"

Printers looked sad, and stood aghast,
As on his way that newsboy pass'd,
And thought it was the queerest go,
To see that boy a sellin' so
The Clipper.

As night came on that boy returned,
His pockets filled with money, earned
By crying out so very loud,
And selling to the anxious crowd,
The Clipper.

* * * * * *

One of 'em.—A young clerk went a gunning once, and spying a rabbit right at his feet, blazed away at it with his gun, and—missed it. "Hang it," said he, "if I hadn't had the darned gun, I could have killed it."

The Old Sinner.

A Montreal paper, says, James Hobbins, Esq., of Cladesly Corbett, was lately married to Harriet, youngest daughter of Wm. Chambers, Esq., after a courtship of four days! The bridegroom was in his *ninety-seventh year*, and had no time to lose. His fair bride, who has seen *nearly sixteen summers*, had pity on him, and took him off hand, "for better or for worse," *after* he had settled upon her the whole of his property, amounting to about £8,000 a year. Smart gal, that.

The Maine Liquor Law.

The Maine Liquor Law has been defeated in the Legislature of this State, and the friends of the law are now making extraordinary exertions to have it passed by the people, at the election in November next. The great question will be liquor or no liquor—Brandy Smashes and Mint Juleps or lemonade and root beer. That lemonade will create eruptions in the Receiving Reservoir is a well-attested fact, which many persons have *painfully* experienced. That a dose of brandy, taken as medicine, mind, will relieve that eruption, is also a well-known fact. Let the question be brought before the people on its true merits, such as we have given an instance of, and the country is safe.

We have a number of arguments and speeches on hand, or in process of manufacture, which we will dispose of to either party for a trifling consideration; they are warranted to last until the campaign is over. Here is a specimen of a speech for a Mayor candidate.

Gentlemen.—I have been driven forred by the citizens of this grate city, to set meself up as a candydate for Mare of this Argean Stable—I promise, if my fellow constituents put me through, to act up to the advice of them constituents in doing the law—If any of my friends kin explain my views better than I kin let him step forred to the stand—I'm in favor of the Licker Law, or I'm opposed to it, whichever my friends thinks is to their interests—If my friends is in favor of railroads or stages, so am I—If my friends don't like to give up their toddies, neither do I, and if they elect me as a Mare, they need'nt give 'em up—I'll go through thick and thin to serve all what votes for me—them what don't vote for me can't expect any favor from me when I'm a Mare—I goes in for muzzling dogs whenever they're mad, or otherwise I go in for selling sausages all the year round—If there's another speaker kin talk like me, let him cum up and give went to his feelings—let the cannons roar and the fire bells ring for there's going to be grate times about the Licker Law—If any other gentleman knows anything else to say on the subject, let him cum up to the stand—them's my principles and by 'em I'll *stand* in the *fall* as a *Mare*

Anything in the above line can be had at a moment's warning, so that it behoves the two parties to wake up, to shake off their slumbers or be for ever lost. If an eloquent speech is desired, take the following as a sample:

Friends, lovers of your country and countrymen.—Full eighteen hundred years have pass'd, and still the earth moves on its axis—the sun revolves each passing day—the moon's soft light still lingers o'er the scene, and casts its softening beams upon this worldly globe—a little band of brothers met upon this globe, and there in friendly mood and cheerful smile talked of the blissful future and the Maine Liquor Law, &c., &c.

We can fill it up to suit either party without the least difficulty. So send in your orders without delay.

"Them" Answers.

The different papers are still occupied in some degree by answers to correspondents, the questions, in most instances, being concocted by the editors. We gave a specimen what we could do in that line once, and now that other important questions are uppermost in our mind, we think the present a fitting opportunity to answer them. Watch us close, as the Magicians say, or we'll deceive you. Here they are.

J. H. Who is Mrs. Stowe?

Mrs. Stowe though a *white woman*, is the author of Uncle Tom, a *black man*.

Mont Blanc. Was the ascent of Mount Ararat attended with as many difficulties as the ascent of Mont Blanc?

Yes. It was reached in a great measure by water, and occupied the perilous adventurers forty days and nights. On reaching its summit, the aspect around was solitary and grand.

Oasis. Was Colonel Pluck on intimate terms with the four cent man, before the advent of the stamped envelopes?

He did—twice.

Henrietta. If a naturalized citzen should lose his papers, can he regain them?

Yes—if he succeeds in finding them.

Darby. Did Julius Cæsar, before crossing the Alleghany Mountains, have an interview with the Canal Commissioners?

No—at that period Canal Commissioners had not been invented, and of course Julius Cæsar could not have had an interview with them. He stopped at a toll-gate for a moment to pay his toll, which may account for the supposition.

Jeemes. Where did all of our first families emigrate from?

From Virginia, that being the only State where they manufacture them.

Phelim. Has Brougham's Lantern gone in?

No—it has gone out.

K. T. What, in your opinion, is the best paper published in New York?

This is rather a curious question, though we have no doubt it is propounded to us in good faith. After carefully comparing the various papers published in this city, we have no hesitation in pronouncing the *New York Clipper* the best paper published in the United States.

Tommy. Which is the darkest hour?

The hour before day.

This ends our list for the present. We will continue them in our next.

The Cheap Theatres.

The following communication has been sent us by a correspondent, and as it relates to an important subject, in which the people are deeply interested, we give it place in our columns:

To the Editor of the Clipper.

Sir:—In your paper of this week, I notice an article on the subject of cheap theatres, in which you take occasion to speak of a person lately connected with the Bowery Theatre as the author of the communication that appeared in the *Tribune* of the 16th inst. The person you allude to is a friend of mine, and would be the last to speak of the Bowery Theatre in the terms in which that article was written. His connection with the Bowery, and the fact that he was always a favorite with the audiences at that theatre is a sufficient guarantee that he is not the author. Mr. —— knows nothing of my writing this communication, and would probably object to his name being introduced at all on the subject were he aware of it, but wishing justice to be done him, I have written, with that object in view.

Yours,
J. W.

July 22, 1853.

REMARKS.

We, with pleasure, insert the above, in order to correct any erroneous impression that may have gone abroad in reference to the person alluded to. We have not given the name of the gentleman spoken of in the communication, for the simple reason, that he was never thought of in connection with the affair, and that no allusion whatever was made to him in our article. He has been too highly esteemed by the theatre-going public, and is altogether too much of a favorite for us to suppose for a moment that he would be guilty of so suicidal an act as the writing of the *Tribune* article; his name, therefore, we leave out, but if the gentleman should feel himself aggrieved by our former article, though how that can be we cannot surmise, we offer him the use of our columns for the publication of any communication he may address to us.

While upon this subject, it may not be out of place to offer a few remarks relative to a second communication that appeared in the *Tribune* of Saturday last, on the subject of cheap theatres. On this occasion the writer is emboldened by the encouragement afforded him by the proprietor of the *Tribune*, to sign his name, and therefore give more weight to his arguments. Mr. Redpath's former sweeping denunciation of the audiences at the Bowery is not repeated in his last communication. He stated, it will be remembered, that the female portion of the audiences of the Bowery were either *ignorant servant girls or those who live by selling their desires.* In his last communication he does not refer to this part of his subject. And why, it may be asked. Simply, because he knew he had made an assertion in which the greater portion of the female population of New York had been calumniated. The wives and daughters of not only mechanics, but also of merchants and tradesmen, men of respectability and standing in society, have "many a time and oft" visited, in company with their husbands or fathers, the old Bowery, and have not had aught to shock their sense of propriety. But cannot a female be respectable and yet be a servant? Do we live in times when it is a crime for females to earn a living by servitude? There is virtue to be found in poverty as well as in affluence. What a female prizes higher than her life, her honor, is assailed by Mr. Redpath because the poor servant girls can sometimes obtain the privilege of visiting a place of amusement. And this man, if man he may be called, *who says* he is as poor as the poorest pitite, without a dollar in his pocket, reviles the very class it should be his aim to protect, and seeks to impress upon the public mind that to be poor is to be all that is vile degrading, and depraved.

He says his aim is to reform the abuse of cheap theatres, to drive from them every thing of an immoral tendency, &c., &c. Is he really sincere, or is it merely a stretch of the imagination. For nine months, he says, has he frequented these pest houses in order to arrive at their true character. Does any one believe him? No, it is impossible. A man who had the public good at heart, and who really wished to reform certain abuses at the cheap theatres, could discern the character of those houses in a shorter time than nine months. But no, this was not his object. He had some other aim in view, perhaps, but being disappointed in his expectations, he has seen fit to denounce the characters of poor servant girls and mechanics' wives.

Mr. Redpath is a brave man in his own conceit, but slandering the poor is not the general idea of what constitutes bravery, and he will find it out perhaps sooner or later. His aiders or abettors in his malicious calumnies on the poorer classes will also find that such assaults will recoil upon them in a twofold degree. Mr. Redpath need be under no apprehension of being forced to use his ruffian annihilators, as he styles his pistols; it was merely the gushing out of some of his bravery that caused him to make the remark.

Ah, Redpath, we fear your's has been a very blackpath, that has led you into errors which a lifetime devoted to self moral reform, will scarce suffice to obliterate. Let charity with you begin at home; assist to protect instead of attempting to crush the poor; learn to look upon poverty as a misfortune, not as a crime; endeavor to love your fellow-creatures, not hate them; and above all, if you honestly desire the reformation of a single erring individual, seek to obtain your desire by peaceful means, not by wholesale public abuse. Try it, Redpath, and you will be a happier man.

Busy Daguerrean Operators.

The operators employed by Messrs. Rafferty & Leask, hatters, of 57 Chatham, and corner of Pearl and Chatham streets, have been kept continually busy since the opening of the Crystal Palace, for the demands of citizens and strangers for the new and beautiful style of hats, with daguerreotype likenesses of purchasers inserted therein, have been steadily on the increase, though the invention is but as yet in its infancy. The enterprise displayed by Messrs. Rafferty & Leask, in the getting up of their hats, is a sufficient guarantee that purchasers need be under no fear of having an inferior article palmed off upon them for a good one, as is often the case at other stores in this city. Try them once, and we are confident that you will be pleased with your purchase.

Radway.

This name has become familiar not only to our own citizens, but also to the citizens of other places, who have derived such invaluable benefits from the use of his Ready Relief, which is an infallible remedy for the cure of burns, bruises, &c. See another column.

A Valuable Article.

The many virtues of the Mexican Mustang Liniment have rendered its use in families indispensable, for there is scarce an ill that flesh is heir to that the Liniment will not relieve. It is one of the most valuable discoveries of the day, and the trifling cost for which it may be bought is rendering it one of the most standard remedies for afflictions ever known. See advertisement in another column.

"Live and let Live."

Messrs. Walnut & Radford, of Broadway, opposite St. Paul's church, were the gentlemen who served up the "good things" on board the Massachusetts during the trip of the New York firemen to New Haven. To judge of the variety, and quality, and quantity of the dishes served up, and of the excellence of the liquors furnished, Messrs. Walnut & Redford (though not gainers in a pecuniary point of view,) sustained their well-known character for liberality and strict business-habits.

IMPORTANT.

Funny Fan a Contributor to the Clipper

We have secured at considerable expense, the reviews of the harem-scarem, rollicking, frollicking Funny Fan, who will contribute regularly to our columns: Here is the first invoice:

FUNNY FAN'S DEPARTMENT.

(Hey, Betty Martin, tip toe, tip toe,
Hey Betty Martin, tip-toe fine.
Can't get a husband to please her, please
her,
Can't get a husband to please her mind)

What's the reason she can't that's what I'd like to know! Tell *me* she can't get a husband to please her mind, *it's all stuff*, I don't believe a word of it. I never saw the husband yet that *I* could'nt make please *me*. Why, its as easy as eating gingerbread. If my husband gets the mumps, I make up a bed for *him* in the *spare room*, and when he comes home at night, I cut off to bed alone and *lock the door*. Of course one night in the spare room is sufficient for *him*, and the next day he's as fine as a fiddle. Let *me* alone for managing the men. I know their tender points, and so does *every* wife. I believe every woman can make her husband as docile as a lamb, if she wants to. Aint it much better than to have them come home, and frighten you almost 9 *months* out of your existence by singing out, "*here, you*, hurry with my supper, or I'll knock *h—ll* out o' you," or, "here, Fan, black my boots, and make haste about it, *too*," or "where did you buy this butter, it isn't fit for a hog to eat, *you* may eat it yourself, I'll be d—d if *I* touch it," and such other endearing language as first come uppermost. Dont stand it—touch em on some tender spot, and my word for it they'll please your mind. But above all things, *dont forget the spare bed.*

Funny Fan.

There, how do our readers like Fan's first contribution? Rich, isn't it. She promises to spread herself for the amusement of our readers, and *she'll do it!*

That Broadway Ice Cream Saloon.

The latest gag at this concern is the stationing of police offices at the entrances, for the purpose, as it would seem, of seeing that visitors did not leave the premises without "paying up." It is an insult to our citizens and should be frowned down by the community. What right have our police to be stationed at Ice Cream Saloons, unless there is a riot anticipated? Cannot the Chief find better employment for them, or is the character of the house such as to require the intervention of the authorities? If the latter, let the place be closed up.

AMUSEMENTS.—Theatrical.

THE BROADWAY.—Owing to the business now doing at this theatre proving profitable, the manager has re-engaged Mr. and Mrs. Williams for another week.

THE BOWERY.—Mr. Eddy is not performing at this house at present, and although nothing extra is anounced for the week, the audiences have been quite numerous.

THE ST. CHARLES.—This theatre will be *refitted*, and opened in a few weeks by Mr. Thorne. If properly conducted, there is little doubt, but it will prove remunerative.

THE NATIONAL.—The manager of this place has been running the play of Uncle Tom's Cabin during the past week. The following is rather too much of a gag to be published, but thinking our readers would like to know how these things are managed, we have concluded to insert it:

"UNCLE TOMS CABIN.—The question has been asked would it be improper for clergymen and church members to visit the National Theatre during the performance of this piece? Our answer would be, as there is no other theatrical representation given with it, there would be no impropriety in the religious portion of the community witnessing it. It is a moral, religious, and instructive illustration of the justly celebrated work of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and is most faithfully dramatised. The representation of Little Eva should be witnessed by every lady in the land. We are informed that *the Manager has taken every precaution that no disorderly person be admitted to the Theater during the performance of this great production.*"

The above is an advertisement. What will the public say to the anouncement that no disorderly person will be admitted during the performance of *this* play! Cool, is it not! We suppose it is intended for the especial benefit of the clergy and church members. Bah! What stuff! The audiences usually attending the National, should be protected from disorderly characters as well as those attending the representation of this abolition play.

It is our opinion that plays of the Uncle Tom school have a bad tendency, in assisting to keep alive the bitter feelings existing between the different sections of the North and South. It was hoped that all agitations of the slavery question would be avoided as much as possible by all classes, but the manager of the National, when arguments on the negro question seemed to have come to an end by mutual concert, has again brought out a play in every way calculated to bring into action again the hostility of one portion of the Union to another. This is not right. A Manager should not endeavour to fill his pockets by the agitation of the slavery question. If this play should be the means of creating a disturbance in our city, the authorities would *then* doubtless refuse to allow of its being performed; but, as provention is better than cure, the abolition play of Uncle Tom should be suppressed, *before* it leads to a disturbance. We have had agitations enough. Clergy and church members.

Theatrical Squibs.

Messrs. Skerrett and Anderton, open the Albany Museum for a short season, on the 8th of August. Mrs. Skerrett is to be one of the company.

Messrs. Conway, Davidge, C. Fisher, Vincent, H. B. Philips; and Mesdames Buckland, Vernon, Conway, Miss Stephens, and Miss Annie Walters, are performing at Montreal.

Mr. Lynne, formerly stage manager of Broupham's Lyceum, has returned from New Orleans.

Burton is at Glen Cove, Long Island.

Forrest is at Cape May, New Jersey.

Miss Annie Lonsdale has been playing at Detroit.

The Batemen Children are performing at Rochester.

Miss Julia Bennett has given up the management of the People's Theatre, St. Louis.

Miss Eliza Logan, the actress, has been offered $6,000 to play six nights in San Francisco, during next winter.

Mr. A. J. Neafie, the tragedian, is in town at present.

Sir Wm. Don is at Chicago.

Julien and his *monsters* were to have sailed in the steamer Baltic which left Liverpool on Wednesday last.

C. W. Clarke is performing at Cleveland, Ohio.

MUSICAL.

Castle Garden Opera.—The audiences continue quite large, and the company seem to give some satisfaction, though everything is not in complete working order yet.

Niblo's.—Mad. Thillon and her English opera company, in the opera of the Bohemian Girl, have drawn crowded houses, which promise to continue for some time yet. Frazer is not Frazer of other days, either in figure or voice.

Buckley's Serenaders.—Respectable audiences greet these minstrels on each representation.

Wood's Minstrels.—This always pleasing and talented company continue to fill their beautiful and comfortable hall nightly with delighted auditors. How could it be otherwise, when they surpass all others, not only in their musical departmen., but also in the delineation of those negro eccentricities which afford such a fund of amusement to visitors. Go to Wood's if you want to enjoy yourself.

The Melodeon.—Our old young friend Charley White, since he assumed his favorite stumping ground in the Bowery, has had a continuance of good houses, and doubtless the treasury has showed very pleasing cash accounts. White is a good performer, and he has around him those who endeavor to second his efforts to please.

A Game of Ninepins!

We dont know what to think of the following story—it may be true or it may not, just as a person feels inclined to believe it or doubt it. At any rate the fellow must have been a capital player, even if the story isn't true. What do you think of it?

In an imperial city, lately a criminal was condemned to be beheaded, who had a singular itching to play at ninepins. While his sentence was pronouncing he had the temerity to offer a request to be permitted to play once more at his favorite game at the place of execution, and then he said that he should submit without a murmur. As the last prayer of a dying man, his request was granted. When arrived at the solemn spot, he found everything prepared, the pins being set up and the bowl being ready. He played with no little earnestness; but the sheriff at length, seeing that he showed no inclination to desist, privately ordered the excutioner to strike the blow as he stooped for the bowl. The executioner did so, and the head dropped in the culprit's hand as he raised himself to see what had occurred; he immediately aimed at the nine, conceiving that it was the bowl which he grasped. All nine falling, the head loudly exclaimed, "By G—d I have won the game.'

Turkey.—France.—England.

The time seems rapidly approaching when the long-looked for European war shall commence, which is to decide the future principles of the nations of the old world. The noble sc and taken by Turkey in her refusal to deliver up the Hungarian leaders, and the present attitude of defence assumed by her against the gathering armies of Russia, should be sustained by the combined powers of Europe, and the overthrow of the over-grasping Nicholas would speedily follow.

Will the combined powers stand by the Sultan, or will he be left to battle alone with the hordes of practised soldiers that Russia will bring into the field! It is difficult to conjecture. Poland, in her struggle, looked for aid from Europe, but looked in vain—she was left to her fate.

"All Europe heard her dying shriek,
Nor answered to her call;
The Austrian whet his vulture beak,
And eager watched her fall!
The Prussian shouted in his glee!
While England—mistress of the free—
Was harloting with Gaul!
Gods! did but right and honor reign,
How they would leap to arms again."

Should Turkey be left to fight her battles unaided by those governments, whose interests are so closely connected with her own, it will be a short and a bloody fight, and her defeat will add to the already large dominion of the Czar. We hope for better things, however. Their own interests should compel the powers of England and France to act in concert with Turkey, and thus baffle the designs of Nicholas; for by standing aloof, unwilling to advance, and yet hesitating to fall back, they will witness the triumph of Russia, the downfall of Turkey, and the still further advancement of that power which threatens the total overthrow of European freedom. If they act together, farewell to all the ambitious and selfish projects of the Russian Emperor—farewell to tyranny and all its attendant horrors, and then shall we behold the dawn of universal freedom throughout the land—the enchained millions will be set at liberty, and all the nations of the earth will mingle their shouts in exultation of the glorious day. It cannot come too soon.

Have we a Crystal Palace among us?

This is a question that promises to create a vast deal of discussion in this city. Occasionally we meet a stranger who comes from a long way to take a look at the show, but for this and other little circumstances, it is impossible to imagine that we have a Palace among us. What's the matter!

Take Somethin!

The Sunday press were invited to take a little "sumthin," at the expense of the proprietor of the Prescott House, a few days since. Of course the readers of Sunday papers saw the account of the hotel, and also saw how superior the interior arrangements were to anything of the kind ever gotten up in this city. The interior arrangements, our readers will understand, mean the bread and butter. Who's the next to feed the press. Hurry up—no time to lose—a good puff for a free blow.

Sporting News.

Until the *New York Clipper* was started, it was a rare thing to see sporting news published in any of our city papers. Now the case is different—for the patronage bestowed upon the Clipper has awakened up the heretofore *sleepy* papers to their own interests, and now nearly all of them follow in the *wake* of the *Clipper*.

Talk on Change.

There was some talk about the threatened rupture between Russia and Turkey, and the question was asked would it affect the price of poultry during the fall. If so, it was hoped the expected war would be averted.

It was announced that Bill Killbreath, who was engaged largely in the liquor business, had failed, or in Wall street language, had suspended payment. Much commiseration was felt for Bill, as he had always promptly paid up, and it was hoped that his suspension would not continue long.

The plebeian theatres were talked about, and the hope expressed that the price of peanuts would not be affected by it. It was hoped the gentleman who had commenced hostilities would "hold up" a little, as the people were not prepared to discuss the point with him.

The opening of Degroot's Prescott, House was commented on, and inquiry made whether the free blow was satisfactory to the press.

The great race for the Championship of England, in which the American Deer was the victor, caused great rejoicing when Queen of the CLIPPER, made the fact known. It was suggested that a dinner be gotten up for the Sunday press in consequence.

The triumph of Southwark Engine, of New York, in the late trial at New Haven, was freely commented on, and bets offered that she would beat anything out of New York.

It was reported that there was no prospect of any improvement in the accommodation at boarding houses during the present summer. Boarders were advised to bide their time.

Further business was prevented by the adjournment of the board and boarders.

Where's Gleason?

The rush to obtain copies of Barnum's Illustrated News the past week, surpassed anything of the kind ever before heard of in the newspaper world. The miserable attempt of the Boston Pictorial proprietor to crush a New York competitor, has recoiled upon himself, and the stand taken by the New York public, to show their appreciation of New York enterprise, should warn all others that any unfair means resorted to by them to impose their Boston notions upon us, will meets its due reward. Barnum "kinder gin out," did he! We rather think he "gin out" more papers in one week than Gleason did in two. Where's Gleason and his Boston advertising sheet now?

Southwark Engine.

In the late match in New Haven to test the superiority of fire engines, the Southwark Engine threw a stream of water the greatest distance, yet the prize was awarded a Providence company. Numerous bets were pending on the result of the contest. and we would advise the backers of the Southwark not to give up their stakes; the Southwark boys are ready to try a match with any engine in the celebration of last week.

Training.

In this number of the CLIPPER we continue the interesting article on training.

Johnny Walker, who has been in this city and Philadelphia for a number of years past, sailed for England last week, where he proposes to accept the challenge offered by the champion of light weights. Walker at one time held that honor himself, and he is willing to give the present champion an opportunity of proving whether he is deserving of the championship.

New York against Providence.

A committee has been appointed on the part of the Southwark Engine Co., of this city, to make a bet with the Providence engine Co., that received the New Haven prize, that the Southwark will throw a stream of water a greater distance than the Providence engine. The stakes to be from $1,000 up to $5,000 aside. This will decide who is honestly entitled to the prize.

Redpath.

This person is a very convenient *cat's paw* for the *Tribune* folks. They are *using* him at preeent in an endeavor to crush those theatres that do not advertise in the *Tribune*. The next business they will *use him* for will be the Liquor traffic. Over the shoulders of Redpath, the cheap porter houses will come in for a share of abuse, and this will be the opening campaign for the next election, when the question will be, "Liquor or no liquor." A man that will suffer himself to be used as a *go-between* is too contemptible to notice, and we are only sorry that we have mentioned him at all. Hereafter we will let his remarks pass unnoticed.

A Man.

During the efforts made at Niagara Falls last week to rescue poor Avery from his terrible doom, a gentleman, unknown in the vicinity, gave $1,000 as a reward to those who should assist in attempting to save Avery.

What's the Matter?

What's wrong at the Bowery Theatre? We notice that several of the best members of the company are among the missing. As the ghosts say in Richard III, where's Mrs. Parker, where Eddy, where Johnson? We pause for a reply.

The Contemplated Prize Fight in California.

The long talked of prize fight between O'Neal and Yank, was to have taken place in the vicinity of Columbia, on the 10th of July.

The American Deer.

In another part of the Clipper will be found the account of the great race for the champion's belt, and 50*l*. The American Deer appropriately celebrated the Anniversary of our Independence, in the successful exertion he made for the prize.

Fall Business.

A friend of our's says he saw a drunken man doing a heavy *fall* business, the other day.

Neighborly.

The citizens of Cape Vincent borrowed a cannon from their British neighbors at Kingston, with which to *celebrate the 4th of July!* Rather cheeky.

Jackson and Frost.

These pedestrians have made a match to run one mile, on the 2d of August, for 50*l*. a side.

☞ A WESTERN editor complains of a stage being named "Amelia Bloomer," which passes through his village, and says he is now no longer accommodated with a male coach.

OUR IRISH LETTER—M'Fudd.

New York, Juli Ateen.

Dere Muther,

It semes to me that a poor greenhorn iv an Irishman is born to be coutinyally in trubbel. I niver crass the door-step but what I ixpect to have me branes nocked out iv me, an be carryd home to the Widdy's a ded corps, an widout a stine iv breth in me hole body.

The Widdy sint me to the Washintun market the udder day, to by sum mate an vigitabels for the boorders' dinner. I wus walkin along, an a lady in frunt iv me. All at wanse, she giv a sudden stop, an I, not lookin, bumpt up agin hur, an nerely bruk the nose aff me, by the collishshun. I beg yure pardun mem, sez I; go lang ye stupid booby, sez she, wid a luk frum hur ise that wud go thrue a stabil door. I dident wate to heer any more, but I wus boilin wid vixashun, fur the tratement frum hur, insted of hur beggin *my* pardun fur nerely brakin the nose aff me face, and frum witch the blud wus runnin like mad.

Well, I wint an me way till I got to Barney's museyhim, where I attimpted to crass Broadway.

I had too wate a divil iv a while, fur the throng iv vahaykils iv ivery kynd wus mitey grate. At last I seen an openin, thrue witch I thot I wud vinture.

Away I started, but jist as I got to the middel iv the strate, it wus so slippery that doun I fell an the brod iv me back. Murder! murder! I'm kilt, sez I, as I seen the omnybushes goin this way an that way all about me. Divil a hare iv yure hed's hurt, sez a big polishman, as he tuk hould iv me by the coller iv me coat, an the heel iv me panteylunes, an landed me an the flags.

Gud luk to ye sur, sez I; the same to yerself, sez he, as he made away wid himself into the strate, to make the vahaykles move faster.

That wus misfortune number 2, an be me sowl numbur 3 wursint far behind; fur the nixt thing I did wus to tred an the bottom iv a lady's gown, that was long enouf to klane the flags, an tore it frum the skurt down.

I dident wate to beg *hur* pardon, as I knowd what I wud get, an that I wud be aff wid mesilf, widout sayin a wurd. I wus afeerd to turn me hed to see what tuk place, but frum the wurds that rached me ear—sich as "skamp," "loafer," and so forth—I cud imagin.

What fur do the wimmen ware their dhresses so long, I hope it isent bekase they have big feet.

After I got home wid the mate an vigitabels, I tould the Widdy to sind sum wun else fur the footur.

I doant know what they do be watherin the strates fur, as if they're not durthy enouff widout makin thim so muddy an slippery, that it's as much as the poor bastes iv horses can do to kape their feet under thim, not so spake iv me an the like.

Youre lovin an blunderin
SHAMUS.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

The Regatta at Pass Christian.

JULY 4.

The pass presented a brilliant sight today. The morning was bright and clear, but between 10 and 11 o'clock the sky became overcast and light showers succeeded at intervals until near 12 o'clock, the hour fixed for the boats to start in the regatta, when the sun came out "powerful hot," with little or no wind.

The distance to be run was fifteen miles, going twice round a triangle of seven and a half miles, and the following yachts were entered for the race: First class, the Eagle, by the Eagle Club; the Edith, by P. Morrisy; and the Undine, by Dr. A L. Saunders. Second class, the Secret, by E. McIlheny; the Stingaree, by H. Rareshide; and a boat not yet named, which I shall call the Nameless, by S. Story. Third class, the Elephant, by J. Grimes.

When the signal for starting was given, the second class boats were considerably bunched, those of the first class being well placed, with the Undine to leeward. The Elephant led off, closely followed by the others, and as they rounded the first stake boat it was seen that the Edith was in the lead, with the Nameless second, the Eagle third, Secret fourth, Stingaree fifth, (the last two almost side by side,) the Undine sixth, and the Elephant last. The same order was preserved as they came round the second stake boat, but on beating down the home stretch, with a very light breeze, the placing was considerably altered. The Nameless came up to the stake ahead, reached it, but attempting to turn too short, missed stays, was struck by the current, (which ran here very rapidly,) and fell off to leeward. The Edith followed triumphantly, but in endeavoring to perform the same operation, also missed stays and the current carried her back. The Secret came up with more breeze, and profiting by the misfortunes of her predecessors, ran some distance to windward before she attempted to turn, and rounded the stake gallantly, gaining considerable upon the other boats. The Stingaree came up and barely got round the stake, bending it completely over as she passed. The Eagle followed, and met with the same fate as the Nameless and the Edith, missing stays and falling off rapidly to leeward. The Undine and the Elephant came up and both got round the stake easily.

The Edith, the Nameless, and the Eagle, were now all three in a heap, endeavoring to regain the ground they had lost, and finally they all succeeded in getting round, the Edith first, Nameless second, and Eagle last.

On rounding the last stake boat for the second time, coming home, the Edith, Secret, and Nameless, kept well together, rendering it doubtful at first which would win; but after a while the Edith began to draw away from the other two, and the Secret from the Nameless. The Edith reached the stake first, winning the first class prize in 2h. 50m. 53s., the Secret next in 2h. 51m. 41s., winning the prize of the second class. The Elephant took the third class prize, of course, having no competitors.

The following is the order in which the boats were placed on coming out, and the time made in the two rounds:

	First Round.			Second Round.		
	H.	M.	S.	H.	M.	S.
Edith	1	32	35	2	50	53
Secret	1	25	15	2	51	41
Nameless	1	29	58	2	52	34
Stingaree	1	36	35	2	54	10
Eagle	1	37	55	2	55	37
Undine	1	29	30	3	3	18
Elephant	1	44	57	3	15	45

In justice to the Undine we must state that she was entirely out of fix, her centreboard jammed down, which could not be moved, and was only entered by her owner an hour before the race came off, to increase the sport. The Nameless did extremely well for a new boat, and it was thought by many that on another trial she could take the crowd. On the first round she was some distance ahead of all her competitors, and if she had not unfortunately missed stays on rounding the stake, would doubtless have been better placed in the coming out. The same may be said of the Eagle, a crack boat, in prime order. The wind was entirely too light for the Undine and the Stingaree, or they might both have shown their adversaries some curious sights, though the former was not in order for a race. The Edith and the Secret were both remarkably well handled, and owe their success as much to the skill of their conductors as to their sailing qualities. Mr. Robertson's new and beautiful yacht, the Fairy, was present, but did not enter for the race. She, however, gave a taste of her sailing qualities, which promised much for the future. She is a beautiful specimen of naval architecture, though she appeared to my unpracticed eyes to be rather too heavily sparred.

The afternoon was intensely hot, and it required no small amount of liquids to quench the thirst of some of the parties after the race. Several gentlemen of my acquaintance, who in the morning had strenuously declared their determination of leaving for town in the mail boat, were so overcome by the heat, &c., that they were obliged to remain at the Pass all night. Some of those who left complained of the heat also, and were visibly affected by its intensity. C. C.

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REGULATE *Each Organ to a Healthy Action.*
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RENOVATE *The body from all Corrupt Humors.*
REBUILD *The Weak and Broken Down Constitutions.*
RESTORE *To Health, Strength and Vigor all unsound and worn out parts.*
R R R.—No. 1.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,
For all Acute Complaints,
INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL.
The moment it is applied externally or taken into the system, it will stop the most exruciating pain and quickly remove its cause.
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Mr. Granger, a mason well known in Brooklyn, was a cripple for nine years, Radway's Ready Relief, Relieved him from pain in fifteen minutes, enabled him to walk two miles without the aid of stick or crutch in three days, and cured him entirely in one week.
Thousands of other cases equally as wonderful as the above, have been cured by R. R. Relief.
CHOLERA MORBUS.
Radway's Ready Relief will relieve the sufferer from all pain in fifteen or twenty minutes. It will cure the most desperate cases in a few hours.
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The moment R R. Relief is applied it allays the most painful Paroxysms. It will always cure
SICK HEAD ACHE.
It will relieve the most distressing pains in fifteen minutes. It will likewise prevent renewed attacks.
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In ten minutes a tea spoonful of R. R. Relief will stop the Chills and break the Fever.
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It reduces swellings, heals sores, cuts and wounds, removes bruises, allays the most violent irritations. For all pains use R. R. Relief. Look for the signature of Radway & Co. on each bottle.
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RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT
Resolves, Renovates, Rebuilds.
IT CURES
Scrofula, Tumors, Bleeding of the Lungs,
Syphilis, Consumption, St. Vitus Dance,
Sores, Rickets, Salt Rheum,
Asthma, Nodes, Canker,
Bronchitis, Fever Sores, Rash,
Ulcers, Erysipelas, Tetters.
The above eighteen complaints R. R. Resolvent will positively cure.
It renovates the system completely, Resolving away from the Solids all impure Poisonous and Diseased Deposits, freeing the Blood and Fluids of Life from all corrupt humors, restoring, Energy and Vigor, Health and Strenth to every Organ and Member of the body.
LETTERS FROM HIGH AUTHORITY.
HON. J. J. MIDDLETON, OF WACCAMAW, S. C.—Writes under date of May 2d, 1853. That Radway's Renovating Resolvent cured one of his negroes, on his Plantation at Beaufort, of a Scrofulous complaint, of many years standing. The poor fellow was a disgusting object of pity, he was a moving mass of sores. The other negroes could not remain in the same place with him. None of the Doctors could do anything for him. He was entirely cured by Radway's Renovating Resolvent, and is now at work upon the plantation. To the people of S. C. Mr. Middleton is well know, and to the political world, Mr. Middleton is no stranger.
SCROFULA.
MR. W. B. OLIVER of Drayton, Dooly Co. Ga., under the date of May 30, 1853.—Writes, "that a servant girl who was so reduced that no one would give a trip for her life," she was so covered with sores, that there was not a spot of pure flesh of the size of a silver dollar on her whole body, was entirely cured by Radway's Renovating Resolvent.
NINETEEN YEARS.
MRS. HENDERSON, of Westford, Mass., has been covered with sores for nineteen years, has been cured by R. R. Resolvent.
SALT RHEUM.
The most obstinate cases of Salt Rheum will quickly yield to the RENOVATING RESOLVENT. One gentleman who supposed that this complaint, was hereditary in his family, and had been afflicted with Salt Rheum since his birth, was cured by the use of a few bottles of the Renovating Resolvent, and the POISONOUS RHEUM ENTIRELY ERADICATED FROM HIS SYSTEM.
IT REGENERATES
Every organ and member of the body; it makes sound, healthy and strong all weak, diseased and unsound parts.
WEAKNESS
In Male or Famale is quickly cured, and the debilitated and emaciated made strong, vigorous and healthy Impotence and Nocturnal Emissions in men, or diseases of either one or more of the generative organs, is quickly removed, and the body restored to a healthy and sound condition.
LOW SPIRITS—NERVOUSNESS.
In WOMAN, the numerous complaints and ailments which cast such gloom over their spirits, a few doses of the Renovating Resolvent will quickly remove the most NERVOUS, GLOOMY and DEPRESSED, feel HEALTHY, STRONG and HAPPY.
Persons wishing this Remedy will please ask for Radway's Renovating Resolvent. Its price is one Dollar per bottle. No small bottles, nor is the genuine ever sold for less. Each bottle bears the fac simile signature of
RADWAY & CO.,
162 Fulton street, New York.
R. R. R.—No. 3.
RADWAY'S REGULATORS.
REGULATES TO A HEALTHY ACTION
All the Organs and Secretions of the body,
Restores to Health and Strenth,
THE DISEASED AND WORN OUT PARTS
COMPLAINTS THAT RADWAY'S REGULATORS ENTIRELY CURE.
Costiveness, Liver Complaint,
Indigestion, Heart "
Dyspepsia, Kidney "
Dropsy, Bladder "
Urethra "
DIFFICULTY OF PASSING URINE
Dizziness, Inflammation of the Stomach,
Stupor, Biliousness.
MELANCHOLY.
MALIGNANT DISORDERS.
Small Pox Measles,
Scarlet Fever, Yellow Fever,
Bilious Pneumonia Typhoid Fever,
AND FEVERS OF ALL KINDS
Influenza, Pleurisy Common Colds
FEMALE COMPLAINTS.
Irregularity, Prolapsus Uteri,
Hysteria, Womb Difficulties,
Whites, Amenorrhea,
LOSS OF APPETITE, Loss of Memory,
Loss of Energy, Loss of Strength.
R. R. REGULATORS
ARE ENTIRELY VEGETABLE,
Perfectly Tasteless, Never Sicken,
Good at all times, Never Gripe.
DOSES.
ONE TO THREE—REGULATES.
FOUR TO SIX—PURGES.
One Regulator at Night, on going to bed, will ensure sound sleep, a Good Night's Rest, and a Healthy and Pleasant Discharge from the Bowels in the morning.
Radway's Regulators, Ready Relief, Renovating Resolvent, are sold by Druggists everywhere.
RADWAY & Co., 162 Fultonstreet.

Continued from 1st page.

The Kitten was declared the winner, owing to the time allowed for difference of tonnage.

SECOND DAY.—The concourse of people was not so great as on the preceding day.

FIRST PRIZE.—Twenty sovs for yachts not exceeding 35 tons. Only two entered, viz, the Phantom and Thought, and in consequence of the latter having carried away her topmast the first day, Mr. Lane sailed the Phantom without hers, in order to make them equal. The gun fired at 35 minutes past 12, and the Thought took the lead, but the first round ended as follows:—Phantom 43 minutes past 1, and Thought 45½ minutes past 1. In the second round, when the Phantom reached where the flag-boat should have been, Mr Lane found that it had gone adrift, so he went the course as near as possible, but the Thought espied the boat, and followed it till she was able to round it. When the Phantom came off the jetty at 44 minutes past 2, and the Thought arrived at 31 minutes to 3, she being so late owing to the flag-boat drifting, the committee decided that the yachts should start again, and the first boat in should be declared the winner. The match finished thus:—Phantom 12min past 5, and Thought 16min past 5, the Phantom winning by four minutes.

For the second prize of £10 to smaller yachts the same three entered on the preceding day, viz, Waveney, Kitten, and Mischief. The Kitten was again victorious.

The third prize was contested for by pleasure boats. The following started:

Belvedere	22ft R. Brown	Cynthia	22ft W. Green
Secret	22ft W. Green	Shannon	22ft S. Chapman
Mazeppa	23ft R. Brown		

A fine start was made, and, after frequently varying their positions, Secret came in first, Mazeppa second, Cynthia third, Belvedere fourth, and Shannon fifth. It was a very close race being only won by a length.

Royal Mersey Yacht Club.

The members of this club dined together at Jones's Hotel, the marine station of the club, at Birkenhead, on Tuesday evening last, and, as it was the last general meeting of the club previous to the sailing matches for the Challenge Cup and Purse, and her Majesty's Royal Plate and general regatta, to be held on the 18th and 19th inst, there was a numerous attendance, the members evidently being drawn together by the interest excited by these events. The Rear-Commodore took the chair in absence of the Commodore. The usual preliminaries having been gone through, five gentlemen were elected members, and several proposed for ballot at the next meeting. The sum of 25*l.*, for a purse to be added to the Challenge Cup, was voted. Several members having subscribed very liberally to the regatta fund, and have also received contributions from their friends, the committee will be able to bring off the regatta with spirit, but, as the fund is not yet quite realised, we hope the members will not relax in their exertions. Mr. Webb, a ship builder from New York, attended and exhibited a clipper model of a schooner, and gave his explanation to the members, who were much interested in the model.

Russian Regatta.

On the 27th and 28th of June there was a sailing match of the Imperial Yacht Club of St. Petersburg, from the roads at Cronstadt, round the island of Nerva, and back to the roads. The winning vessel sailed the distance, one hundred and six Italian miles, in fifteen hours and nine minutes.

THE TURF.

Trotting Match for £100 a Side.

MONKS AND OLD.—At a meeting of sporting characters, at Mr. Hunter's, the Red Deer, Cambridge Heath, on the 31st of May, articles were entered into, in which Mr. W. Monks undertook to produce a horse, under the height of Mr. Old's celebrated black mare, to trot three miles with her in harness, for 100*l.* a side, on the 5th July. A deposit was then made, and increased at intervals, until the whole 200*l.* was placed in our hands, and, as the match progressed, it increased in interest. They tossed for choice of road at the last deposit, and a place in Essex was named, which Mr. Old did not consider wide enough for two vehicles to go abreast, and having offered 5*l* to name the locality himself, it was consented to, and three miles on the Brighton turnpike-road, near Horley, was selected, and hither many admirers of "tall-trotting" repaired. The Checquers, about a mile from Horley, was named as the rendezvous; but, after waiting there nearly two hours, it was ascertained that Mr. Old intended starting from the 27th mile stone, and back to the 23d, near the "public" where the sign board announced "drunk on the premises." Of course there was then a general move, and the cavalcade, being a long one, evidently astonished the rustics, who flocked after it to know "what was up." Mr. Monks had procured the well-known cob Jackey, now the property of Mr. Holmes, of Liverpool; and the betting was in his favor at 6 and 7 to 4, but the partisans of the Black mare wanted 2 to 1, which would have been given had not a rumor existed that Mr. Old's animal could do the distance in *eight minutes fifteen seconds!* Although this was not credited, it was imagined the mare was *rather* too fast to venture any stake at such odds, and, we believe, not a great deal of money was speculated on the result. Umpires and referee having been selected, and other preliminaries arranged, a good deal more time having been "cut to waste" before all was accomplished, the animals were brought out and attached to the match carts, Mr Holmes, the owner, piloting Jackey, and Mr. Balchin the mare. In our opinion there was a wide difference between the two animals—Jackey, with head erect, and in splendid condition, looked all over a winner. The cart to which he was attached was, we believe, constructed in America, and was exhibited at the Crystal Palace, it weighed but 72lb. Jackey has had a chequered life. We were informed that originally he was bought out of a drove at Sweffham Fair, at a comparatively low figure, and, after changing owners once or twice, was purchased by a gentleman at Hackney, for his four-wheeler, no one at that time being aware of his extraordinary merits. Subsequently, they became conspicuous, and he ultimately became the property of Mr. Holmes, who, however had to pay 200*l.* for him. He is certainly one of the best made and most sprightly little animals ever seen in harness, and is under 14 hands. Mr. Old's mare is about an inch or so more in height, and appeared stiff in her joints, especially in her fore-legs, as if her knees had been injured. Both match-cart and driver were also more "bulky" than on the "opposition side." Three miles had to be traversed to the starting place, and it was fast approaching seven o'clock ere it was reached. After one false start they got off, Jackey with the lead, which he gradually increased, eventually winning easily, the mare on this occasion at any rate not having a chance with him, the distance according to the statement of the timekeeper being done in *eight minutes thirty-seven seconds!* A large party afterwards repaired to Reigate, rejoicing in their success, and about nine o'clock some journeyed to town by rail while others drove to London in their "spicy turn-outs." The stakes are to be given up to the winner at Mr. Hunter's, the Red Deer, Cambridge Heath, on Wednesday night next, at nine o'clock.

A correspondent, who signs himself "A Brighton Friend on the Black Mare," states that he offered a price for the animal, but Mr. Old does not feel disposed to part with her. He has, however, kindly consented to lend her to him if Jackey's party will make a match for 300*l.* or 500*l.* a side—the mare's time against Jackey's time, in a three miles spin on the same ground. If Jackey's party accepts this challenge, and will answer it in our next week's paper, a place will be appointed to meet them.

Mr. Holmes, the owner of Jackey, will back him against Bedford or any other English horse in the world, 10 or less miles, for 500*l.* a side. He can always be heard of at Mr. Hunter's, at Cambridge Heath, by writing to Mr. Holmes, at Liverpool.—*Bell's Life.*

Irish Races to Come.

JULY.

Down Royal Corporation (4)	26
Maze	26

AUGUST.

Carlow (3)	2
Bellewstown (2)	17

SEPTEMBER.

Curragh September Meeting	6
Tipperary Autumn	12
Limerick Grand National	21

OCTOBER.

Curragh October Meeting	18

DOWN ROYAL CORPORATION RACES.—This meeting will take place on the 26th inst instead of the 19th, in consequence of the Down Assizes intervening.

MAZE RACES.—In consequence of the assizes interfering, those races will not come off until the 26th inst, instead of the 19th. The Corporation are about proceeding to the election of a registrar, in the room of Mr. Cranston, who died in May last. The Earl of Caledon is the governor this year, and a splendid programme is in state of preparation.

Ratting Extraordinary.

The ratting feat of destroying 100 barn rats in ten minutes, came off last Wednesday evening at J. Shaw's, Queen's Head, Windmill-street, in the presence of a strong muster of gentlemen. Although the dog was out of condition, having had only six days' preparation, and the pressure and heat intense, yet such was the game and courage of the animal, that he destroyed them all in 7min 42sec, one rat only disputed. This was good work, for neither dog nor rat were touched during the work. Several other matches came off, and about 300 rats were exterminated that evening.

A match came off at the Union Arms, Collier-street, Hull, on Monday, between Mr. Wm. Hall's bitch Miss, and Mr Bennison's (of Beverley) bitch Miss (weight 9 lb) each, 12 large barn rats, each for 5*l.* a side, which was won by the former. Time 2min 41sec.

Ratting extraordinary took place at J. Black's, rat destroyer to her Majesty, at the Old Friends, Upper Ogle-street, Marylebone, with a gentleman's black rough dog, 14lb weight, who destroyed 283 rats in 55 minutes, on Monday last. He can be backed at 300 rats, against any dog of the same weight, for 100*l.* a side.

Mr. James Searle's celebrated bitch Jenny Lind, under 12lb weight, is matched, for 50*l.*, to destroy 500 rats in three hours, all to be put in the pit at the same time, at his own house, the Beehive, Old Crosshall-street, Whitechapel, Liverpool, on Tuesday next.

THE DEVIL'S BARGAIN.

A SCOTTISH TALE.

We remember an old ballad in our childish days which riveted our fancy by its wild absurdity, and which is no unapt illustration of the grotesque notions entertained by the Scots with regard to the Evil One. The Carle of Kellyburn Braes and his "randy" wife entered into a comical compact with this infernal potentate, which may find numerous parallels in the writings of Burns, Ferguson, and other poets, who thoroughly comprehended the peculiarities of the Scottish character.

Satan was looked upon both as a malignant demon and a "good sort of body," more willing to help poor mankind than could be expected from his circumstances.

It happened that a famous hunter, in days long gone by, called from his unerring skill in archery, "Red Finlay of the Deer," was roaming at fall of night near the magnificent waterfall of Glomach. The gloomy hills of Kintail, some of them the highest peaks in Ross-shire, rose darkly around him, a heavy damp mist floated over the morasses, the curlew's voice rung shrilly from the heather, every thing looked dark and cheerless.

Finlay himself was in the darkest mood of all. He had rushed to the mountain in a paroxysm of rage and disappointment. That morning, at a gathering of the mighty men of Kintail, Finlay's shaft had flown wide of its mark. Some fatal twinge had shaken his arm, the roe-deer at which he had aimed leapt unhurt along the rocks, and Finlay was disgraced in the presence of his foes. He well knew how the wild MacCraes would jeer, how his fame had vanished among the maidens, and his skill had ceased to be a proverb.

Finlay cast himself on the ground, and groaned over these humiliating reflections. Had he been an admirer of Nature's grandeur, which we suspect his inordinate love of hunting makes somewhat improbable, he must have forgotten a petty mortification in the stupendous majesty which surrounded him.

He had dashed headlong down the ravine to a tongue of rock covered with long heath, which stretched forward in the river Girsac, and, by its proximity to the cataract, brought the spectator, as it were, face to face with the roaring torrent,

"And on his upturn'd forehead fell
The baptism of that mighty well."

But we fear Finlay was baptized to no good thoughts. Tearing up a tuft of saxifrage by the roots, he flung it passionately into the wild abyss, crying,—

"Oh! that thus I could cast down the enemies who to-day mocked at my disgrace!"

As he uttered the unhallowed wish, the twilight suddenly darkened around him. From the linn into which the plant had fallen, a mist gathered, uprising slowly as it resolved itself into form. And what a form! Finlay had heard dreadful tales of the "Eagch Uisk," or water-horse, and he imagined this must be that terrible thing. But no! the dank watery folds clung more perpendicularly, until, through the increasing darkness, the shivering hunter could trace the colossal outline of a human figure. The faithful hounds which had followed their master to this perilous encounter, whined, crouched, and trembled, as all domestic animals do at the approach of the savage prowlers of the waste.

"It can be no good sign," thought Finlay, "when the beasts are in such a fright."

Nevertheless, he plucked up courage, and, remembering that spirits seldom speak till addressed by man, he determined to give his shadowy visitor no advantage of the kind. So he whistled to his dogs with an air of unconcern, though under his plaid his skin was bristling with terror. From the misty phantom came a chorus of mocking laughter, and there was a distant jabbering as of gibing tongues.

Finlay had made up his mind to peril, but he could not bear ridicule from either man or goblin, and in high wrath called out in his native Erse,—

"Whoever you are, depart on the mist as you came. If you wish to mock, go join the jeering fools in the glen. Tempt not a desperate man!"

To his infinite surprise, the shade bent courteously towards him, and uttered with a soft, rippling voice, the following harangue:—

"Has Finlay of the Deer, then, already recovered his skill? I come from the valley; I heard the scornful MacCraes, and the wondering woman, and the little boys asked if it could be true that Finlay of the crags had failed in his aim. Go to, thou fallen hunter! buy thee a field and a herd of goats, and sell milk and ewe-cheese; the chase is no more for thee!"

The peculiar suavity of the strange voice in which these taunts were delivered, exasperated the Gaelic archer to madness.

"Why come you here?" he cried. "Why sting the fallen if you cannot help him?"

"I can help thee," responded the grim shadow. "I can raise thee high as thou hast sunk low. Give me the first whelp produced by that good hound at thy feet, and centuries to come shall hear of the greatness of Finlay Roy."

The hunter by this time had grown bold enough to shake hands, if need be, with the Evil One himself.

"Your shadowship has a strange taste. What use a dog can be to you in your black linn down there I cannot imagine; but give me once more a triumph over my foes, and I will give you dog, body, soul—anything and everything!"

Another wild laugh arose shrilly, high above the roar of the cataract, a violent hail-storm came on, and Finlay, cold, wet, and wearied, sunk into a profound slumber.

When he awoke it was a bright morning, the river roared, swollen by the storm of the preceding night, his dangerous sleeping place seemed surrounded by water, and, bruised and stiff as he felt and giddy with the sudden knowledge of the abyss on whose verge he had been lying, it was with difficulty that Finlay found his way through the tangled brush-wood and slippery crags to the outlet of the ravine. But for his keen-scented dogs he might have been there to this day. Fortunately these sagacious guides were able to discover in some parts, where the heavy rain had not washed away all traces, the track by which they had descended the night before.

At length the hunter, scrambling up a huge rock, emerged upon the open moor. The keen air played revivingly upon his forehead, the elastic heather sprang up invitingly beneath his feet, the sun shining clearly on the distant peak of Scurruran, made its bald grey head glisten with a crown of diamonds; and here and there the morasses betrayed to the piercing eye of light their glittering but treacherous pools.

Finlay thought he had had an ugly dream, but its reality seemed impossible on that fresh October morning.

"Only over-excitement," he exclaimed to himself; but just then his eye fell on his two dogs. One was bounding with the noisy vigor of canine glee, from ridge to ridge of the thickly-strewn fragments of rock; the other, his favorite, and a hound famed for cleverness and fidelity, whined mournfully at his side, dropping her tail, and looking up in his face with a gesture of supplication. "Poor beast, he is not canny!" said her master. "So I am to sell your pups to the de'il, Menie! Menie!" The dog gave a long howl, and pressed closer to the feet of her human protector. "The foul fiend take myself first!" cried Finlay. "I can keep my own hand, I hope, without assistance from such quarters. No bartering with the de'il for me!"

You perceive the broad daylight and the familiar sight of his own hills had worked a wondrous change on Finlay's nerves; he resembled many infidels of our own day, who tremble at midnight and sneer at noon.

But when the hunter went down to the glen, and marked the contemptuous expression on his neighbors' faces, when he saw the MacCraes whispering together and pointing the finger at him, when grand huntings were arranged without consulting him who had been so great an authority, and, worse than all, when he, in his rage, called on his foes to fight, and they shrugged the shoulder and passed by without answering, Finlay wished fiercely in his heart for the infernal aid he had slighted a few hours before.

"By the head of my father!" he swore upon his dirk, "you shall every one rue this day!"

But the MacCraes only laughed at him, and that laugh seemed to ring in his ears as he pursued his sullen way to the hills of Monar, his birth-place, where he betook himself to a lonely shealing on the mountain-side, and held communication with no one.

His only pleasure was tending his dogs, or hunting with them in the most solitary places.

In due time Menie presented him with two beautiful whelps. Both were so handsome that the hunter had some difficulty in choosing which was to be the gift to the Spirit of the Glomach. One day a pole cat bit one of them during the mother's absence, and it died in a few hours, Finlay was in despair. The remaining pup was too precious to cast into the dark linn of the Glomach. He had some idea of plunging in the dead body, but this seemed so much of a practical joke upon the devil, that he was afraid to provoke retaliation. Day after day he resolved to set forth with his beautiful little pet, but his heart failed him when he tried to take it away from the mother. Menie seemed to have more than a dog's sagacity on this subject; she bit, she tore, she howled at her master on these occasions, and used all her efforts to prevent the removal of her offspring.

After much cogitation Finlay, like greater men of modern times, determined to try temporising. So he went to the Glomach (taking care it was not twilight,) and made a harangue to the invisible genius of the waters, setting forth his poverty, his need of a hound, now that Hector was growing old, and finishing with a promise, on the honor of a Highlander, that the next whelp Menie might bestow on him, should be devoted to the aquatic sports in which the Spirit of the Glomach chose to indulge.

He paused for some token of approbation or displeasure; but the cataract tumbled as usual into the linn, the linn boiled, and seethed, and emptied itself into the river's rocky channel, and no sign was there that Finlay's eloquence had found a hearer at all.

However, Finlay went back to his lonely shealing, and there he stayed until Menie gave him another beautiful puppy, but it had unfortunately only one good eye; the other was inflamed soon after its birth, and the sight lost.

"Well," said the discomfited huntsman, on discovering his new mishap, "the poor brute will not much require eyesight in the watery world where it is going. The spray of the Glomach will soon spoil the best eyes and the keenest scent ever possessed by hound."

So he took the young dog in his arms, and strode away to the old trysting-place.

It was a gloomy November day. The dull sky hung low and heavily over the landscape, the hills frowned in that depressing shade, the moors were saturated with frequent rain during the previous month, and even the light brogues of the mountaineer and his thick plaid could not protect him from the boggy path or the drizzling mist, which blinded as well as drenched him.

The fall of the swollen river was terrific on that occasion. Even in summer there is an uninterrupted cascade of three hundred feet, broken by a single rock, which, fifty feet from the top of the ravine, juts out boldly in the drought of the hot season. But when autumn rains have fallen here, that solitary black crag is swallowed up by the immense mass of water, and the sheer leap of the river is upwards of three hundred and fifty feet.

Finlay advanced cautiously and slowly along the neck of rock which had once been his sleeping-place, his heart sank when he descried the portentous mist hanging over the depths below. He called, in a faltering voice,—

"Spirit of the resounding Glomach, I am here! I have brought the offering, give me the reward!"

Slowly the dark mist ascended, till nearly on a level with the crag on which the hunter stood. But this time he saw a face within the vapory veil—a fearful face it was. The fierce, restless eyes seemed to burn away the shadows around them, and their beams fell hot upon Finlay's clammy cheek. The lips moved, and the spray of the cataract hissed when touched by their fiery breath. And the voice, no longer like the rippling stream of summer, thundered with the roar of a tropic storm as it cursed Finlay for his cowardice and treachery,—

"Hadst thou kept faith, blind mortal, thine had been the kingdoms of the earth! Now thou shalt have neither crown nor realm, neither pomp nor power; women shall not love thee, and children shall not rise up about thy threshold; thou shalt be only Red Finlay of the Deer! Thy bow shall never fail, and thy shaft shall never go astray!"

A loud peal of thunder that shook the skies, and a flash of lurid lightning that confused Finlay's senses, immediately succeeded; the little dog leaped from his arms with a sharp yell, and tumbled headlong into the linn, and then the clouds cleared away, the sun broke forth, and Finlay found himself grasping a bow of curious workmanship.

He looked down from his rocky perch, but there was no shadow now hovering over the black caldron; the waters had closed over both fiend and hound.

Finlay's heart was stirred within him with violent passions. His communion with a creature of the world of woe had surely inflamed him with like impulses. He bent his bow with a vindictive frown,—it was not of the stricken deer that he dreamed.

Thg next day Finlay was seen among the MacCraes, the wild caterans of Kintail; he had come to wreak his deadly hatred. Their scoffs were soon silenced—a shaft from the magic weapon pierced the leader of the band. They all set upon the slayer, but he fled. The caterans swore a terrible oath to have Finlay's life. His steps were watched, and it was soon discovered that he went often, with strangely discomposed air, to the cataract of Glomach. What spell it possessed over his mind none knew, but it was his continual resort. The MacCraes discovered a cave close to the fall, where six of the bravest hid themselves, resolved to slay the hunter on the first opportunity.

But fortune was against them. A successful chase led Finlay to some distance, and they began to be weary of confinement, and to suffer from hunger. One of them went out, and returned with an old woman laden with provisions.

Now the entrance to the cave was very narrow, and much cumbered with brushwood. It happened that Finlay arrived in sight of the cave's mouth just as the old woman was creeping in. Her back was towards him, so he was unperceived; but guessing the whole plot from this clue, he took up a concealed position close to the cavern. His favorite Menie arriving some time after him, ran as usual to the rocky peninsula where Finlay was accustomed to sit. The MacCraes thus advertised of their victim's proximity, crept one by one cautiously forth from their dangerous concealment. But as each emerged on the narrow, slippery platform which overhung the linn, an arrow from Finlay's unerring bow sent him rolling in the death-agony to the waves below. Thus each came forth, and each fell, worthy sacrifices to Finlay's friend of the waters!

When Finlay had waited a long time, and saw no more come out, he descended to the cave to examine it, and discovering the old woman, half dead with terror, he hurled her also into the torrent. I am ashamed to confess this cruelty of my savage hero, but those were not days of mercy or gentleness.

The triumphant hunter returned to Monar, and the fame of his prowess spread abroad. He grew mighty in his tribe, even the chiefs feared him, for the fatal bow was ever ready for revenge, and a rumor of its magical spell and infernal origin having been set on foot, there were few who cared to incense a man who had made a contract with the Evil One.

The MacCraes, however, would not relinquish their vengeance. They sent an embassy to the redoubted hunter, who went in peaceful guise, and carried presents in their hands. But these treacherous visitors mistook the person of him they had been despatched to assail, and inquired for Finlay from a common-looking red-haired man whom they passed working in his garden.

In this enclosure the MacCrae ambassadors stopped to enquire from the peasant where they could find Red Finlay of the Deer. The person questioned, far less simple than themselves, at once guessed their errand, and replied that he would fetch Finlay forthwith to speak to them. As he needed not to go far to fetch himself, Finlay brought with speed the magic bow. At the sight of that well-known instrument of fate, his enemies fled in disorder, but the enraged hunter pursued, and being fleet of foot, he successively slew them with his unerring shafts.

This victory raised his name higher than ever, and, as is generally the case, the prosperous man grew vain-glorious. The vengeance of the MacCraes was always defeated, and Finlay began to imagine that his good-natured friend of the Glomach might have thrown long life, nay, who knows but immortality itself into the bargain? He boasted loud of his invincibility, and while he had the bow in hand none dared to say nay. Nevertheless, the women utterly disliked him. They could not overcome the idea of his having sold himself to the devil, and with all his renown, Finlay never could get a wife. So he was childless and lonely in his dwelling, and when he came home wearied from the chase there were none to welcome him with loving words, none to clasp him with endearing caresses.

In the midst of this chilly fame Finlay knew not that an ignominious death awaited him. The MacCraes had agreed that Finlay should be despatched by the doctor of his own village. If we think for a moment what sort of medical men ventured in those rude times to penetrate beyond the Grampians, and what Alma Mater they owned, if, indeed, a M.D. ship were not a work of supererogation for a mountain practitioner, we shall readily confess that the hand of the doctor of Monar was by no means a glorious weapon of destruction.

A fever and ague, caught by Finlay in one of the sudden storms common in autumn through the Highlands, afforded the MacCraes an unexpectedly speedy opportunity for their machinations.

The poor hunter had no female assistance, and his only relative, a younger brother, ran in haste for the doctor when he saw the sufferer's plight. The learned leech arrived, looked solemn, made various inquiries in Latin, which were as unintelligible to the patient as they probably would have been to a Roman of the ancient world. The professor of medicine then produced a leather scrip, from which he took various ingredients, which he compounded into an inky potion, and this he desired the invalid to swallow in his presence. When he perceived the bicker containing his elixir had been fairly drained, he resumed his bonnet with the slow dignity with which a physician of May Fair used formerly to grasp the indispensable cocked hat, and gold-headed cane.

The leech departed, and Finlay seemed inclined to sleep, but he had not long lain down when he started, crying he was on fire within.

"I am poisoned, Farquhar—I am poisoned by that starveling potter-carrier! Go! pursue him!—take my bow, and avenge the death of Red Finlay!"

Farquhar waited not to see his expiring agonies, but seizing the enchanted bow, sped swiftly after the traitor. Young and little of figure was the boy, and the doctor had no power to escape him; his attempts to flee entangled his feet in the rough and rocky way, he repeatedly stumbled and fell, and was at length overtaken by Farquhar, and slain by a shaft from the unerring bow. He fell by the water of Sing, and a stone that marks his grave, is over him to this day. The youth returned so hastily to the brother's death-bed, that he dropped the bow on the way; and when he went back afterwards to search, he could find nothing resembling it, but near the place where he thought he had lost it, there lay the dead body of a young hound; mere skin and bone it was, and all blue and livid as if it had been a long while immersed in water.

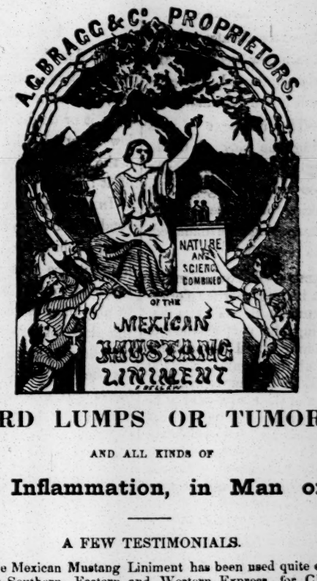
Such was the end of the far-famed Celtic hunter of Monar, Red Finlay of the Deer.

☞ WHAT can be worse than to have a tooth ache? To have two teeth ache, of course.

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT.

"A Balm for every Wound, a Cure for every Ill."

RHEUMATISM,
NEURALGIA,
LUMBAGO,
SCIATICA,
SALT-RHEUM,
TETTER,
PILES,
SCALD-HEAD,
CAKED BREAST,
SORE NIPPLES,
SORE SHINS,
BURNS AND
SCALDS,



ULCERS, GOUT,
STIFF JOINTS,
BRUISES,
CUTS,
CHAFES,
GALLS,
SPAVIN,
SPLENT,
RING-BONE,
SWENEY,
SORES,
SCRATCHES,
POLL-EVIL.

HARD LUMPS OR TUMORS,

AND ALL KINDS OF

Pains or Inflammation, in Man or Beast.

A FEW TESTIMONIALS.

This is to certify that the Mexican Mustang Liniment has been used quite extensively in the stables of Adams & Co.'s Great Southern, Eastern and Western Express, for CURING Galls, Chafes, Scratches, Sprains, and Bruises, and it has proved effectual. Many of their men have also used it on themselves and their families, and they all speak of its healing and remedial qualities in the highest terms. One of our hostlers got kicked, and badly cut and bruised on his knee—as usual, the Mustang Liniment was resorted to, and the soreness and lameness was soon removed, and it was perfectly well in three or four days. We have no hesitation in recommending it as a valuable preparation, to be used externally on man or beast.

J. DUNNING,
Foreman of Adams & Co.'s Express Stable, New York.

☞ A child in Fredericktown, N. B., a few days ago, burned its legs severely against a stove. The mother immediately applied Linseed Oil and Cotton Wool, with a tight bandage over all. In a short time the screams of the child induced the mother to remove the bandage, when it was discovered that the cotton wool had taken fire by spontaneous combustion, and had considerably increased the size of the burn. The mother happened to think that she had part of a bottle of Mustang Liniment in her house, which she got immediately and applied to the burned limbs of the little sufferer, and as soon as it was applied, the child ceased its cries and soon after fell asleep in its mother's arms, by the soothing influence of this valuable preparation.

Every family should be supplied with this Liniment in case of accident, as we know it to be a valuable article.—*Boston Eve. Chronicle.*

☞ It becomes our duty to state, from unquestionable facts, that there is a compound patented by Messrs. Bragg & Co., Broadway, corner of Duane street, that in a pre-eminent degree supersedes all modern preparations, and the best evidence that can be given of the "Mexican Mustang Liniment" is, that it effects the salutary and desirable objects which its worthy inventors have so fully demonstrated in their advertisement, in another column. We are well acquainted with a gentleman in this city, who has visited our office every other day for the last three years, and who, during the period of seven years, as he states, suffered considerable pain at intervals, in his knee-joint, from rheumatism, and though he had recourse to every description of compound medicines within the reach of purchase, yet not the least relief did any of them afford him. About two months since he was induced to try the Mustang Liniment, and after about thirteen applications he found himself entirely relieved from all rheumatic pain or affection.—*Irish American.*

From a personal acquaintance with the individual mentioned in the preceding paragraph, we have no hesitation in endorsing the statement.—*Eds. Democrat*

OFFICE WALL STREET JOURNAL,
NEW YORK, 1st Feb. 1853.

MESSRS. A. G. BRAGG & CO:—

We want your advertisement, because we have used your Liniment, personally, and it has done us good. We will insert it at $2 per month instead of $4, and you may change it to suit yourselves.

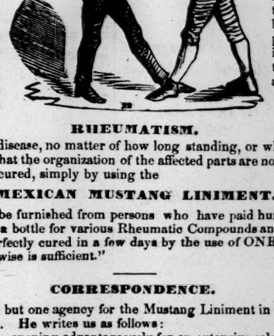
Yours, respectfully,
ROBINSON & CO.

DOVER, N. H., January 26th, 1853.

MESSRS. A. G. BRAGG & CO.—I had a valuable horse that about three weeks since was wounded severely in his thigh, with a sharp hook, opening a gash three inches in length, and an inch or more deep. I tried various articles to heal it, but inflammation getting into it caused large quantities of matter to collect, and the limb was quite stiff. A friend of mine asked me if I had tried the Mustang Liniment, to which I replied in the negative, but thinking it might do some good, was induced to try it. I had only used one half bottle when the inflammation began to be removed, and the wound to heal. Now it is entirely healed and the hair is growing over the wound, making it look as well as ever. Hoping that others may be benefited by a trial of your valuable compound, I remain yours,

CHAS. E. WHITEHOUSE.

BRUISES AND SPRAINS.



We have almost daily proofs of the magical power of the **Mustang Liniment** in severe bruises and sprains. Every one is subject to accidental bruises by coming in contact with some hard substance, in stumbling, falling, being upset in carriages, railway cars, &c., or by kicks from horses, falling of stones, timbers, and other missiles, and thousands of other collisions that we are constantly subject to. A bruise upon the face or about the eyes, will frequently disfigure a person for weeks, by leaving large "black and blue" marks indicative of a "set to," that are particularly disagreeable and annoying to a sensitive person By using the Mustang Liniment as directed, all these discolored spots will be removed with a few applications, and the skin left its natural color. Sprains of the most severe character are cured in a few days.

RHEUMATISM.

Persons afflicted with this disease, no matter of how long standing, or what the cause, or what remedies they may have used, so that the organization of the affected parts are not destroyed, can be promptly, effectually, and permanently cured, simply by using the

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT.

Numerous certificates can be furnished from persons who have paid hundreds of dollars to doctors, and from ONE to FIVE dollars a bottle for various Rheumatic Compounds and Specifics, without receiving any relief, who have been perfectly cured in a few days by the use of ONE BOTTLE of the Mustang Liniment. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

CORRESPONDENCE.

We have as yet established but one agency for the Mustang Liniment in Canada West—namely, Mr. James Granger, of Napannee. He writes us as follows:

"The way is, in my opinion, opening advantageously for an extensive sale of your article in our neighborhood. Scarcely a day passes without several calls for Mustang Liniment." With this letter came the following certificates.

CANADA WEST,
FREDERICKSBURG, December 1st, 1852.

MR. JAMES GRANGER—Sir, I feel it my duty to inform you of the good effects of a medicine which I purchased of you, called Mexican Mustang Liniment. My wife has been affected with very severe Rheumatism during the last twenty-four years, and her case has baffled the most skilful physicians in our vicinity. I have tried every patent medicine recommended to cure that disease, which came within my reach, but her affliction was rather increased than lessened. Her knee, the part in which the disease was located, became greatly calloused. She had been for many years obliged to use crutches having almost entirely lost the use of her limbs. I by chance heard of the Mexican Mustang Liniment, for which I was informed you were agent. I obtained and applied a bottle. It entirely removed the pain, and by a continued application of more of the medicine, I believe four bottles, the callouses are now nearly gone. My wife can now walk freely without crutches and free from pain.

Yours, very truly,
WM. SPENCER, Sen.

CANADA WEST,
RICHMOND, February 8th, 1853.

MR. JAMES GRANGER—Dear Sir: During the last six years, I have been a very great sufferer from Rheumatism. In the cold weather, especially, my disease raged with almost insupportable violence. I have been frequently confined to my bed for weeks together. I became helpless and hopeless. I have tried the multitude of nostrums prescribed by my friends and acquaintances, but without any permanent relief. At very great expense, I employed medical aid. I remained many months under the charge of the best reputed physicians in our vicinity, but found no better success. I had recourse to the most skilful practitioners in Bellville and Kingston, but my hopes were again prostrated. My case was considered *incurable*. When at last, as one given up to die, I had lain nearly three months suffering extreme agony and unable to obtain relief from any quarter, I was recommended to use a medicine called Mexican Mustang Liniment, to be found at your drug store. Though I had never heard of such a medicine, such was the state of my case that I resolved to try it. The effect seemed scarcely credible to myself, yet it was so. My pains left me entirely, and after spending more than one hundred dollars in cash, and suffering more than I would have thought it possible for man to suffer and survive, one dollar's worth of the Mexican Mustang Liniment, manufactured by A. G. Bragg & Co., has completely restored me to health. Should there be any one suffering from this terrible disease, I hope that so simple, easily applied and efficacious a remedy, as the M. M. Liniment, may be within their reach. I remain dear sir, yours very truly,

SAMUEL BALDWIN.

To Country Merchants. Every store should be supplied with this valuable Liniment, as it pays a good profit, and sells rapidly. **Prices of the Liniment.** It is put up in bottles of three sizes, and RETAILS at 25 cents—50 cents—and 1 dollar per bottle. The 50 cent and 1 dollar bottles contain 50 and 100 per cent. more Liniment, in proportion to their cost, so that money is saved by buying the large sizes.

A. G. BRAGG & CO., *Sole Proprietors.*

PRINCIPAL OFFICES—304 Broadway, corner Duane street, New York, and corner Third and Market streets, St. Louis, Mo. Also for sale by dealers in Medicines throughout the United States.